

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,031

AUGUST 31, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

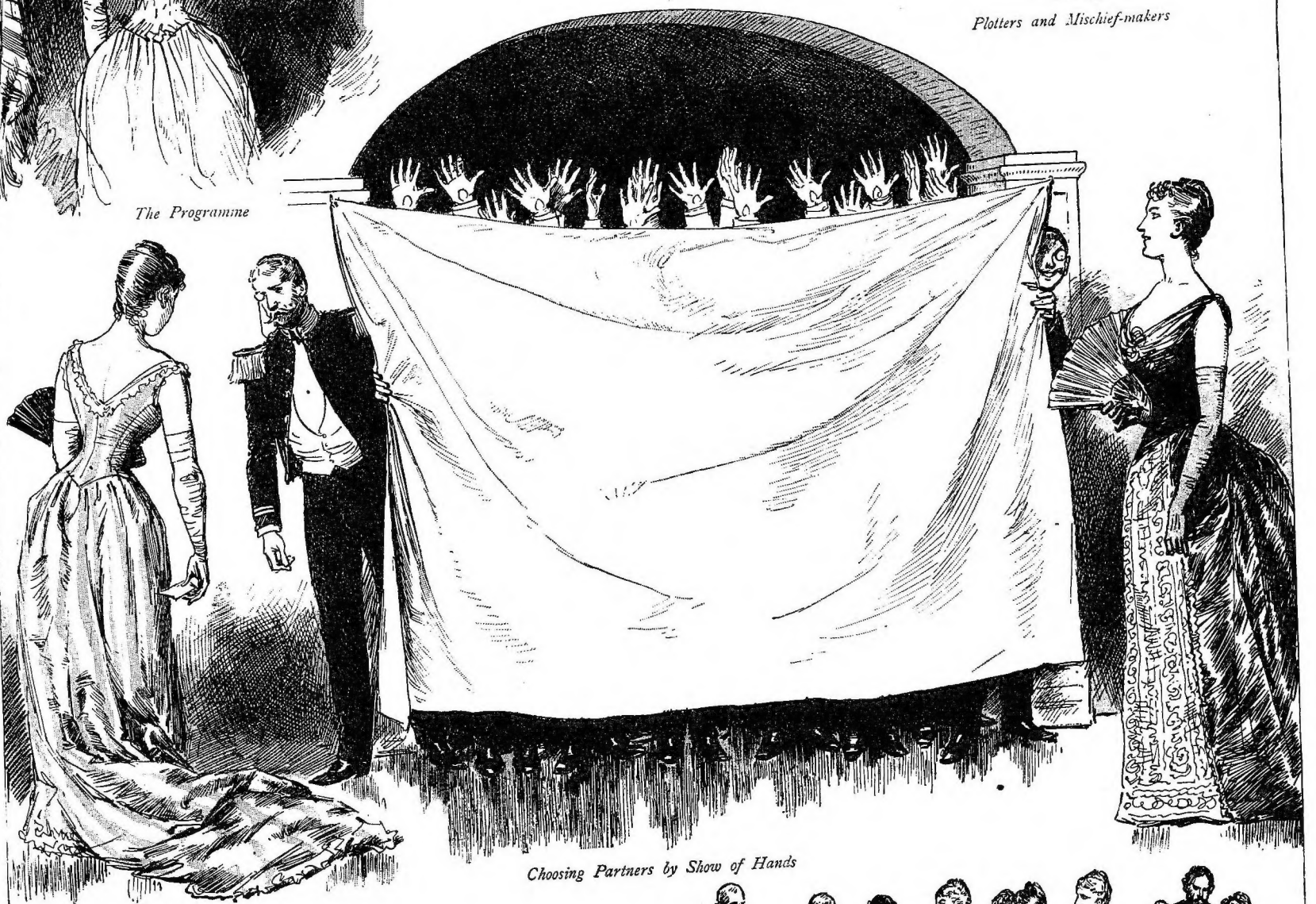
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The Programme



Plotters and Mischief-makers



Choosing Partners by Show of Hands



The Leap Year Set—Wallflowers

Adrian Marie

HOW THEY DANCE THE COTILLON AT A WEST INDIAN "HOP"

THE IMMEDIATE CAUSES OF THE STRIKE.—This portentous quarrel has had one good result, at all events. It has taught the public something as to the way in which dock and wharf work is managed. A fortnight ago, the majority of outsiders who had ever thought about the subject at all believed that practically all the work of moving goods at the docks was done by those casual labourers whose sufferings are so often depicted during the winter months. This is by no means the case. A large proportion of the labour is performed by permanent and tolerably well-paid men. This is more the case now than it was some years ago. There is much less warehousing than there used to be, because goods pass more directly into consumption. Hence they are made up into much larger packages, so as to ensure greater rapidity of discharge; and therefore, whether they are moved by machinery or by hand, a degree of skill and strength is requisite which is rarely to be found among the half-starved casual "dockers." Indeed, at the Surrey Commercial Docks, where timber is the staple commodity, occasional hands are rarely, if ever, employed. But, at most of the other docks, a supply of casual labourers is absolutely necessary, because periods of pressure constantly recur. A multitude of vessels arrives almost simultaneously, the fierce spirit of competition which prevails compels their immediate and rapid discharge, and then the "casual" reaps his harvest. And, as we pointed out last week, a poor little harvest it is; what with the uncertainty of employment for more than a small part of a day, and the driving exercised under the contract-system. The contractors get a stipulated sum for the job, and, though they are bound to pay the men 5*d.* an hour, they take it out of them by making them work at express speed. The dock-authorities say that, except under the contract-system, they could not get the work properly done. The wharfingers, however, pay their men direct, and, as they manage to get along, this contract question cannot be an insuperable obstacle, and, in fact, the dock directors have already conceded this point. Altogether, as regards the original causes of the strike, the sympathies of the public have been—and we think rightly—with the dock-labourers rather than with the dock-officials, and this makes us hope that ere long the extra penny per hour will also be yielded.

making up such a sum. The East End publicans are doing well, for when working-men are idling on strike they crave for strong drink, and there are always plenty of good-natured idiots among ready to treat them. The East End pawn-brokers, too, are thriving, for already the wives and children are feeling the pinch of poverty, and food must be had, even at the cost of sacrificing warm clothing and blankets. But all other classes of tradesmen speak evil of the strike, especially the small provision-shop keepers, whose rent and taxes go on remorselessly, yet who lose many of their best customers, and are often constrained out of pure charity to give credit where they have slender chance of being repaid. Other classes, too, who can better bear a temporary pinch of adversity, must have lost a good deal by the paralysis of river-side and dock-side trade. Large quantities of perishable goods have been damaged beyond recovery; and, more serious still, vessels have been sent to sea stowed by unskilled persons. Every sailor knows the peril which a badly-stowed ship runs in a gale of wind. Hitherto the public at large have suffered very little, but if the strike were to last (which seems incredible, because of the dire distress it would inflict on the strikers), the public might suffer a good deal, and find themselves little better off than the Parisians during the siege of 1870-1.

WELSH LOYALTY.—It cannot be truly said that Wales is at present a thoroughly contented part of the United Kingdom. The majority of the people feel very bitterly about the Established Church, and about the Tithes Question. For some reason or other the Church of England has failed to strike its roots deeply in the Principality. Its methods do not seem to be elastic enough for the ardent impulsive, and enthusiastic Welsh temperament. The payment of tithes would, no doubt, be disagreeable even if Welshmen generally were Churchmen; but it is their Dissent that makes the obligation seem to them one of gross injustice. So strongly have their passions been aroused in connection with these matters that some fears were expressed that the Queen's visit might be a failure. In reality, it proved to be a brilliant success. The people welcomed their Sovereign as if they had never had a political grievance to complain of. Mr. Gee, indeed, grumbled, but even he took care to show that he disliked not the Queen, but only the wicked Tories; and he went out of his way to express a hope that she might have "a cordial reception," and that nothing might happen that would "cause discomfort to her." That the popular demonstration of loyalty was sincere and spontaneous there can be no sort of doubt; all who had an opportunity of observing it agree that that was its character. Of course it would be easy to overrate the significance of such a display of attachment to the Crown; but it at any rate shows that the Welsh, however dissatisfied they may be with this or that institution, never dream of holding the Monarchy responsible for the causes of their discontent. They mean to agitate for reforms, but propose to do so within the lines of the existing Constitution. In this respect they are at one with the English and the Scotch. Whatever may be said of Ireland, it is certainly true of Great Britain that the question of the Monarchy *versus* Republicanism has not in our time been seriously raised by any considerable class of the population.

TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.—A good many persons are over-estimating the advantages which England is likely to derive from the establishment of a system of technical instruction. It is, however, generally admitted that boys and girls should be taught how to draw and model. Much attention is being devoted to the subject by the countries whose rivalry in industry and commerce we have most reason to dread; and for self-protection, if for no other reason, we must take care to keep up with our competitors in the means they devise for the cultivation of the talents of their artisans and traders. It might have been thought that, when this was recognised, the country would have had no very serious difficulty in attaining the object of its wish; but, as a matter of fact, all sorts of obstacles came in the way. Bill after Bill dealing with the matter was introduced, and each in turn had to be abandoned. The explanation is that bitter misunderstandings arose with regard to the respective rights of Board Schools and Voluntary Schools. The adherents of neither system would give way to the other, and so Parliament was brought to something very like a deadlock. Now the Government propose to escape from the dilemma by placing the system of technical instruction under the control of local authorities, which, in other respects, have nothing whatever to do with education, and, by subjecting these authorities, so far as their own duties are concerned, not to the Education Department, but to the Science and Art Department at South Kensington. The scheme has been hotly opposed, and it has certainly this disadvantage, that it will tend still further to complicate our system of local government, which is already far too complicated. Still, it will secure that technical schools and classes shall be formed, and that is a benefit for which we must be thankful, no matter how it is obtained. Those who strongly dislike the plan may console themselves by remembering that the whole question of local government is being reconsidered, and that District Councils and Parish Councils, corresponding each in its own sphere to the County Councils, will by and by be created. Then Parliament will have an opportunity of dealing with technical education, and education generally, in a more logical spirit than it is at present displaying.

THE FRENCH IN THE PACIFIC.—There are signs that the long-smouldering New Hebrides question is about to burst into flames. The traders and settlers, including forty-two Englishmen, are stated by a Sydney paper to have petitioned for annexation to France. Nothing is said about the drift of native opinion; the Australasian mind is not accustomed to make much account of that factor. But it will be furious at the idea of the whites daring to invite France to stretch out her ægis over them. The fundamental article of the Australasian creed is that the New Hebrides must be "acquired," in one way or another, to round off British possessions in that part of the world. It is bad enough that France should have established herself at New Caledonia, but her neighbourship would be intolerable at the other insular group. Australians have solid reason for taking that view; the penal colony at New Caledonia has been a burr in their skirts ever since it was established. Nor is it merely the escape of French convicts that they fear; they are jealous lest France should create for herself a naval and military station in the Pacific which would impair their sense of supremacy. It remains to be seen what reply the Paris Government will return to the memorialists. They are really asking France to accept what is not theirs to give away, Paris and London having long ago agreed that the New Hebrides should retain their independence. That compact has since been ratified in the most explicit terms, and although France somewhat

IN our issue of August 17th we published an article on this picturesque festival, of which we now give some illustrations from sketches by Mrs. K. Belford T. Cummins. The *fête*, which lasted six days, took place this month, after a lapse of twenty-four years, the last having been held in 1865. It is given by the Guild of the Vine-Dressers, and dates from very early times. This year the spectacle was witnessed by an audience of some 13,000 people, for whom tiers of seats had been erected in an enclosure—a large arena where the market is held, and which slopes down to the lake. The proceedings began at 7 A.M., when the Chief of the Confraternity, or "Seigneur" of the Vignerons, marched in, heralded by Swiss Guards in sixteenth-century uniforms of scarlet and white, and attended by halberdiers in their characteristic costumes; and the members of the brotherhood in green jerkins, straw hats with green ribbons, and knee-breeches. This "Seigneur," although not an ecclesiastic, is called the Abbé. One of our sketches represents him being presented with a bowl and spoon by the chief cowman. There were no fewer than 2,000 performers in the whole pageant, which included processions of Pallas symbolising Spring, of Ceres symbolising Summer, of Bacchus illustrating Autumn, and of a village wedding Winter. In all these, cows, horses, sheep, goats, &c., took part; and one of the prettiest features of the show was the dance of the children of Spring in Pallas's procession, in which shepherds and haymakers also took part. Ceres was represented by a blonde damsel reclining in a car drawn by oxen, and was followed by men and girl harvesters, gleaners, and a large waggon of corn. After Ceres came Bacchus, preceded by the high priests, and attended by bacchantes, fauns, and satyrs, and even old Silenus himself. The dances and chorus-singing in the enclosure lasted until noon, when a long procession was formed to perambulate the town. The music for the occasion was composed by Herr Hugo Senger, and many artists and verse-writers were employed in composing and writing the libretto, and designing the dresses and groups. The solos were sung by three opera artistes from Geneva.

FEMALE CONVICT LIFE AT WOKING—PART I.

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD. WRITTEN BY F. W. ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," &c.



SALUTING THE MATRON

HER MAJESTY'S CONVICT PRISONS AT WOKING, for male and female, lie some two or three miles from the railway station, and are well out of the way of the general traffic. They are perched upon the higher elevation of Knapp Hill, and surrounded by quite a little population of their own, all more or less connected with prison service. Here are the residences of Governors and Deputy-Governors, surgeons and doctors, Superintendents and Deputy-Superintendents, stewards, engineers, together with various humbler quarters for subordinate officers.

Outside the prison in the daytime the place is very quiet, they are country quarters there. A stranger passing through this prison colony attracts as much attention from the good folk at home as he would do in passing through a remote Surrey village; he is not native to the place, or belonging to the prison, and hence is an object of curiosity, till he is out of range.

It is quieter than ever at Knapp Hill, we are the only passengers by the little hump-backed cupboard on wheels that lands us in a cramped and crumpled condition at the prison gates. "This *Buss* (*sic*) passes the shop," is marked up inside the smallest omnibus in England, although the "shop" applies to a chemist of advertising proclivities in the neighbourhood, and has no facetious reference to the convict settlement hereabouts.

Nothing of a facetious character is attempted Woking-way; there are on the contrary the elements of innumerable tragedies in this pretty rural spot—giant prison houses, private and public lunatic asylums, broad acreages of burial grounds, and a neat crematorium, all asserting themselves in far from a cheerful manner. It is a colony of wasted lives and dead hopes, take it altogether. One is not very much surprised at the stillness in the place, although the omnibus-driver blows his horn as he rattles through the felons' settlement in the hope of a chance fare.

This prison portion of Woking is quieter than we have known it hitherto, for the male portion—and thank God for it—is out of work and out of gear. The male prisoners have gone their various ways; they were semi-invalids and lunatics, the majority of them, and worked very much in the open on the farm-land, or at the gardens of the principal officers, or at the outside pumps, and gangs of men, attended by armed warders, were frequently to be encountered marching along the high road before they diminished in numbers, or were drafted to other establishments by order of the Board.

They were "balmy," a good many of these convicts, ailing and well-behaved men, most of them, and it has been considered better to consign them to the criminal lunatic prison at Broadmoor for once and all. Some of them we should think were very mad, indeed, and hardly deserving of the fate of penal servitude, unless they have considered it politic to sham a bit. It is not easy to fathom the depths of the convict mind.

One prisoner, who for some time had steadily maintained that he was the Saviour, was asked by a fellow-convict a scoffing question concerning the Virgin Mary. The answer came very quickly back. "Oh! I don't see anything of my mother now," was the reply. "She's over the way, poor thing, in the female division."

There has been one attempt at escape lately. A lunatic prisoner, whilst at work on the farm-land, suddenly quitted his party and took to his heels, in the vain hope of getting clear off. The alarm was quickly given, and a smart chase ensued, the officer in charge of the

gang succeeding in running him down and re-capturing him, before the convict quite reached the boundary.

The male prison is almost devoid of convict life now, the wards echo only to the tread of the officers who have "got no work to do," and who are probably waiting orders to be drafted elsewhere; they are glad even to do a little prison labour themselves, of their own free will, and just to while away the time. The male cells are only full of prison furniture, or stacks of "pints" and cans, and the big work-rooms are desolate of human presence; there are but five convicts in the whole of this big male prison, and they have upstairs wing to themselves, and must feel very much "hipped" by the absence of congenial society. One wonders who is having the worst or dullest time of it, the prisoners or the prison-warders, at the present time of which we write.

But they are still busy at Her Majesty's Female Convict Prison across the road; there is plenty to do, although numbers have decreased with a most startling and gratifying rapidity of late years. Here, under the able governorship of Dr. Clarke—the only governor of Her Majesty's prisons, we are disposed to think, who is not of a military or naval training, and who is one peculiarly fitted by his profession and by his keen powers of observation for the direction of a female convict establishment—and the vigilant superintendence of Miss Hutchinson, assisted by chief matron Mrs. Price and numerous painstaking officers, are still some four hundred and odd female convicts who are serving out long sentences, and who in many instances are prisoners for life. Four hundred and nine female convicts are the exact figures on this day of our visit; six years before—in the corresponding month, that is, of October, 1882—there were no less than 624 prisoners to keep watch and ward upon. This is a satisfactory decrease indeed, and the philanthropist has a right to rejoice as well as the Prison Board over such welcome statistics as these. The female prison at Woking is not much more than half full now; for here again we come upon long empty rows of cells, the doors wide open and gaping, and the "pints," and tables, and stools stacked away in orderly pyramids, and no sad, or hard, or cruel, or wan faces to be turned to you from the cages which were a little while ago so full of gaol-birds.

The Female Prison at Woking is constructed to contain 700 women, and it has been in its day overflowing with convicts. It stands on five acres of ground, and has two-and-a-half acres of land surrounding it, where women do farm-work occasionally, and are as glad of the extra exercise and the fresh air, and life in the open, as were the convicts formerly of the male division opposite. To the male prison, it may be remarked, there belong no less than fifty-five acres of land, so that farming operations have been conducted on almost a large scale, considering the class of labour employed.

There are a considerable number of invalid female convicts in this prison—indeed, the prison is intended for those who are weak and ailing, or not quite as strong as could be wished. The women out for exercise, and whom M. Renouard has so graphically depicted here, are a fair sample of the aged and feeble convicts who make this place their home, who have been in and out of prison all their lives, and to this "sad complexion," as Randolph has it, have they come at last. It is very near "the end on't" now in many sorrowful instances.

One woman sitting alone in an infirmary cell looms upon us as a startling prison portrait—so heaped up and helpless and distorted is she—so ghastly in her deformity, and so very, very still! She does not look at us with that curious, questioning, wondering stare common to most convicts when a visitor intrudes; she is not roused to the



INVALIDS EXERCISING

AUGUST 31, 1883

least sign of interest by a special visit at an unlooked-for time—an entrance and exit are not of the slightest consequence to her—she remains a hunched-up withered figure without a sign of life in her to the end.

"Spinal," says the Governor, as we pass out, "a hopeless case." A few doors from her is a fair-haired, good looking young woman, who does not appear to have much the matter with her, and who is comfortably tucked up in bed, and apparently enjoying her ease very much. She surveys her visitors critically and curiously.

"How are you now?" asks Dr. Clarke.

"Very bad, sir."

"Ah, you'll be all right by to-morrow morning," is the assuring comment to this, but the prisoner does not appear in any way grateful for the information conveyed to her.

This prisoner has never done a fair stroke of work since she has been at Woking, we are informed, and she never intends if she can help it. She is naturally delicate, and she makes the most of it. "I have never been used to work," she has explained more than once to those who have been struck with her dilatoriness, and pronounced against it, "and I can't get used to it. You must know I have mixed in the very highest spheres." The lady is in for a little robbery connected with a disorderly house at Pimlico. "However can I slave like these poor critters here?"

"What spheres have you mixed in?" was the inquiry put to her after this announcement.

"I was a builder's wife first and then a gentleman took care of me," she explained, with charming frankness and with considerable pride as to her antecedents, "and I never thought I should come to this disgrace."

Work goes on, as a rule, with a fair amount of regularity and precision. The women are busy at twine-making—a new feature of convict labour that is progressing very satisfactorily—at post office bags, at making clothing for the Greenwich boys, &c. The

they reach the person for whom it is intended, and odd and ingenious are still the means by which they correspond. Failing ink or a fly-leaf from the library books, a woman will secure at times a scrap of brown paper from the work-room or elsewhere, and prick with a pin upon it all that she has to communicate. Ingenuity can hardly further go.

In old times here, and in the female convict prisons at Millbank, Brixton, and Parkhurst, there was "something too much of this," and many outbreaks, and occasionally stand-up fights, were the consequence. Women are fickle and changeable in their affections, even in prison, it appears, and are terribly jealous and resentful of an undue preference or a slight.

It was no uncommon experience for an aggrieved woman who had been presented with a lock of hair at some time or other of her prison career, to take this lock from her pocket, most frequently in church, hold it up derisively to her who, in the first instance, had presented it, and affect to wipe her nose with it. Salt sprinkled on a lock of hair returned to the donor is always considered the most grievous and intolerable of insults, and it would lead to much extravagance of action, even to murder, should the chance present itself when the passions of these wild creatures are aroused. And yet these ungovernable natures are not the convicts incarcerated for the worst offences; they are the women from the streets, the women whose sentences have become cumulative owing to sundry dire offences, and who are in and out of prison all their lives, the pick-pockets, the receivers of stolen goods, and so forth.

One of the most notable prisoners at Woking was the notorious Madame Rachel. She was an old woman when she began her imprisonment, and she died, if my memory serve me correctly, at Woking before the term of her incarceration had quite expired. Our readers will remember the cause of her offence against the laws—a case of extorting money from a Mrs. Borrodaile, who had submitted to the Jewish woman's process of being made "beautiful

two there was apparent a considerable degree of affection; they would meet and part with much exhibition of affection. The daughter became a famous opera singer, whose death, under terrible circumstances, occurred some two years since.

These are a few of the prison characters that have served their "bit of time" within the grim walls of the female convict prison at Woking. The series might be extended to a considerable length were space available. We defer our account of the "lifers" for a future occasion.

We have mentioned prison visits and prison visitors more than once in this article. Here the convict is for a while off-guard, and here occur many strange scenes, many little flashes of serious drama, light comedy, and roaring farce. The accommodation for the prison visitor at Woking is not of a lavish order, and the space is limited in which to meet. The visitor is ushered into a small room divided into three compartments, in the centre of which is a matron upon duty. Into the furthest division from the visitor, when everything is ready, appears the convict inquired for, and then ensues twenty minutes' of solid, earnest conversation, news of home, news of father and children, news of old pals, hints for the future, carefully-guarded hints at times, which even the matron cannot understand, and which are stopped in consequence, exhortations, reproofs, words of encouragement to keep strong, even heaps of much vigorous abuse, when the feelings are aroused, and one or another loses command of them.

One woman, whose failing health combined with the extenuating circumstances of her crime rendered it probable that she might be let off presently, was very anxious that her father—who had called to see her—should write a letter to the authorities begging for a reconsideration of the case, and a modification of the sentence. She had been a prisoner for twelve and a-half years, but she had been told that no concession was likely to be made to her until she had done at least fifteen years' penal servitude.



IN THE CHAPEL

tailors' room—a big ward where all the tailoresses are collected—is an imposing scene. They are very industrious until our appearance, when the clicking of innumerable sewing-machines ceases, and a general scramble of female convicts to their feet ensues in compliance to the Governor's special call upon them. At a signal they are again in their places, working with renewed energy, but with their eyes focussing us with grave attention, and the hive is hardly as composed at our departure as upon our entrance. They are not quite certain what we want, or who we are—we may be there for purposes of identification, or on a special mission of inquiry, or from pure motives of philanthropy, or curiosity, and the convicts keep their furtive watch upon us until we have quitted the apartment.

There are less breaking-outs than there used to be in the female convict prisons, we are assured. The new hands seem to have acquired, under the fresh rules, newer and better manners. Here, as at Wormwood Scrubs, we are shown the punishment cells—all empty! And Mrs. Price, the chief matron, picks up from a corner of one cell a hideous-looking article not unlike a diver's dress of destitute of bull's-eyes, but festooned with various straps and bands and buckles. It is almost blue-mouldy from disuse, this prison-jacket or strait-waistcoat, in which have been "cabineted, cribbed, and confined" many a refractory in turn. Quarrels between the women are not as frequent as of yore even, though the "break out" common to the female prisoner will occur at times, and the prison be distracted now and then from the even tenor of its way. But these are exceptions to the general rule of prison propriety. The Governor has already shown us his books—what an odd system of human book-keeping by single entry it is!—and in the later pages are records of days without a single report against the women.

The female convicts have their little grievances, of course, but they are reasoned out of them frequently, and the odd fancies which the one woman takes for another are still prevalent, and are one of the chief causes of dispute and insubordination. Prison "stiffs," i.e., communications of a loving tendency, pass from hand to hand till

for ever." Madame Rachel lived principally in the infirmary, and here, where the rules can never be very rigidly carried out, she would amuse both prisoners and matrons by little anecdotes of her career. She had amassed considerable wealth by trading on the weaknesses and vanities of her sex, and she dropped many significant hints of how she was going to benefit, some early day after her release, all those who had been kind to her in her "present misfortune." Failing to impress any one by this, she would hint at the fortune, various secrets she possessed for improving the complexion, &c., and how happy she should be to impart any portion of her valuable information to any one who really wished for it. Her prison life was one persistent attempt to ingratiate herself with the officials—it was not a bad trait of character, but it was accompanied by such odd and barefaced flattery and compliments that the effect was, as a rule, the reverse of that which she had intended. Upon one matron answering "Pretty well, thank you," to an inquiry as to how she was that morning, Madame Rachel said with unctuous, "Pretty I know you are, well I am very glad to hear."

To another matron, whom she was anxious to conciliate, she dis-coursed upon her process of enamelling, and the large sums she had made by it. "But there," she concluded, "your splendid complexion, Miss —, will never require enamelling. Gold cannot purchase anything like that."

Madame Rachel never expressed any contrition for the offence which had rendered her amenable to the law; in her heart of hearts she considered herself a deeply-injured person. She was very proud of her name and the noise she had made in the world; a new comer was informed as soon as it was possible that she was the celebrated Madame Rachel. She was a very ugly old woman, who had not attempted any beautifying experiments on herself, and who was eccentric and full of flattery to the last. A daughter of hers used to come on visiting days—a very handsome young woman, encumbered by much jewellery and gorgeous wearing apparel. Between these

The father wrote at his daughter's request, but the woman, upon his next visit, sharply cross-examined her parent, expressed grave doubts of his veracity, said it was all his fault that she had been a prisoner so long, and announced it as her intention from that time forth to pray very heartily every night for his speedy decease. This was far from a satisfactory prison visit, and her father did not remain his allotted twenty minutes on that occasion.

There are times when very odd visitors present themselves at the outer gates to the critical inspection of Mr. Ledger, or who ever may be now doing duty in his place.

A very amusing instance of this—which was told us a few years ago by an old warden of the Woking staff—may be pertinent to the present subject.

A somewhat shabbily-attired gentleman put in his claim one morning to be admitted into Woking Prison. He had arrived with the necessary order from Parliament Street to see a certain prisoner, but it was clearly apparent to the gate-keeper that the new-comer was in an advanced stage of intoxication. This was somewhat of a novelty, but the warden acted promptly.

"You can't come in, in this state," he informed the applicant for admission.

"The man was disputatious, not to say 'bumptious.'"

"What state are you talking about, I should like to know?"

"You're not sober."

"You're very much mistaken about that. You'll have to prove your words, mind you," said the applicant, growing irate, "and you'll get yourself into trouble for disobeying the orders of your superiors. You'll get discharged, see if you don't."

"I shan't let you in," was the short reply.

"Well, then, I demand to see the governor. Where's the governor of this establishment?"

"He's out."

"When will he be in?"

"You can see him at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"That won't do for me. I'm not going to wait till to-morrow morning. I shall go before a magistrate at once; there's one sitting at Guildford, you know."

"Yes; that's right."

"Then I shall go and report my case to him. And, mind you," said the man, in a towering passion now, "you have refused me entrance to the prison, although I come furnished with a proper order—it's a very serious look-out for you. Especially—but perhaps you don't know who I am?"

"Can't say I do."

"I thought not. Well, then, I'm a gentleman usher; and I assure you that it is a most serious business at any time to insult a gentleman usher."

The warder was not impressed even by this last announcement, and the man departed in a high state of indignation. The next day he made his second appearance at Knapp Hill, in a similar state of intoxication to that of the previous day. Experience had not rendered him one whit the wiser. He was bland in demeanour, even excessively polite, to begin with, but his second state of inebriety was worse than his first.

"Good morning, sir; I'm back again, you see. It's all right now, of course," he began, "and I may as well say at once that I wish to rectify an error and apologise for a mistake that I fell into yesterday. I stated to you, sir, that I was a gentleman usher. That was a slip of the tongue, unfortunately. I should have said a journeyman hatter!"

But neither apologies nor a general suavity of demeanour could atone for the fact that he was not at that moment a fit object to be introduced into Her Majesty's prison, and permission to enter was again refused, at which second slight, he once more lost command of his temper, and launched forth into indignant expletives until the gate was summarily closed upon him, and he was left in the roadway anathematising everybody connected with convict service.

An imposing scene at Woking Prison—as at all prisons by the way—is that of the convicts in chapel. It is more impressive here because the women are numerous, and form a strange and noteworthy congregation. The chapel, or church—it is generally termed chapel by prisoners and matrons—is capable of accommodating some hundreds of convicts, and, although numbers have gone down, the sacred edifice appears fairly full.

There is strict order kept, and the women are outwardly decorous and attentive. They sing the hymns and even anthems with some degree of fervour, and as a rule there is but little difference between the decorum here and in places for Divine worship apart from convict life. The women have the body of the chapel to themselves under the supervision of the matrons, and in a gallery above sit the superior officers of the establishment.

The front of the gallery has been somewhat recently painted to imitate woods of a superior quality to the plain pine of which it is constructed. This has been the work of a painter and grainer in durance vile on the male side of the establishment, and the extra ornamentation has been excellently carried out. The walls also have been tinted and relieved of their bareness of exterior since Mrs. Gibson and Miss Stephens, the late lady-superintendent and deputy-superintendent, have passed from authority here.

Still, despite the due amount of reverence exhibited, the matrons are quietly watchful of their flock. Order has not always reigned supreme in prison chapels, and elsewhere; in a future article we shall record some celebrated *émules* at various prisons that have taken place in the old days, and have directed attention to the various ruses which association at chapel-time afford an opportunity sometimes for practising.

For these are not all tame, submissive, gentle, or repentant creatures. The quiet woman has before now gone to church with her tin "pint" smuggled under her shawl, with the fixed intention, should a chance present itself, of battering in the brains of that other woman who has transferred her affections elsewhere, or sent to her by secret messenger some particularly objectionable communication. There in the chapel the prison "stiffs" are circulating from hand to hand, and the lip language—the silent conversation in which many of these women are as great adepts as the poor proficients in our deaf and dumb asylums—is going on in spite of official vigilance. The thoughts are not all of the church, churchy—very much to the contrary, we fear; and the prayers are not in every instance for the better heart and the higher life that the preacher tells them it is in their power to attain.

Here is a prayer with a reserve in it that was heard in Woking Female Prison a few years since, a hearty prayer in its way, but far from complimentary in all its details:—

"Lord, have mercy upon us miserable sinners. Lord, have mercy upon all the miserable sinners here—Lady Superintendent sinners, Deputy-Superintendent sinners, Chaplain and Doctor sinners. Lord, have mercy upon everybody but those beasts of matrons!"

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO WALES

THE leading incidents of Her Majesty's visit to the Principality are summarised in our "Court" article, so that we need only confine ourselves here to the subjects of our illustrations. On the day of her arrival, Friday, at Palé, the Queen was presented by the Rev. W. Morgan on behalf of his parishioners with a hazel stick, with a gold band bearing the inscription:



REV. W. MORGAN
Rector of Llandderfel, the parish in which Palé is situated

tion: "To Her Majesty Victoria, R.I., 1889." Mr. Morgan, while presenting the stick, spoke in Welsh, and the Queen responded in the same language—the words being, "Dioch yn fawr i chi" ("I am very much obliged indeed to you"). Mr. Morgan

(whose portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. Thomas, of Liverpool and Llangollen), was the first person to whom the Queen replied in Welsh. After the presentation the Queen and the Royal party drove to Bala, which had been profusely decorated for the occasion, one special feature being the number of tastefully designed arches. In a space near the County Hall, a large awning had been spread and grand stands

Bishops (of Bangor and St. Asaph), and the chosen representatives of Nonconformist bodies. On the arrival of Her Majesty, the whole assemblage rose to their feet while the band played "God Save the Queen." The Mayor of Wrexham, Mr. Evan Morris, who has since received the honour of knighthood, was first presented to Her Majesty, and then Mrs. Morris offered the Queen an ode especially written by Mr. Lewis Morris. The Lord



TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT BALA STATION



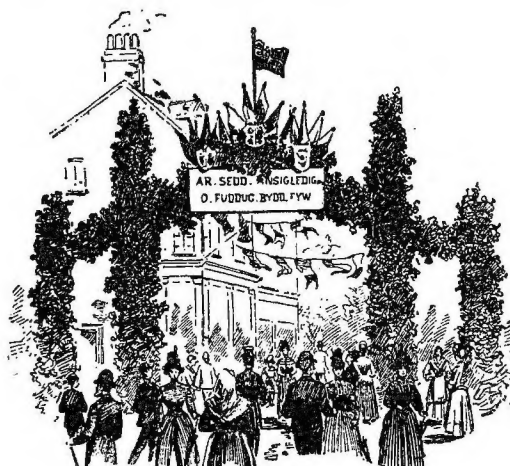
TRIUMPHAL ARCH, WREXHAM



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, RUABON

erected on either side of the road, where all the county magnates had assembled to welcome Her Majesty. On the Queen's arrival various presentations took place, and the Lord Lieutenant of the County handed an address to Her Majesty. Then Mrs. Price, of Rhiwlas, on behalf of the ladies of Bala, offered Her Majesty a painting of Bala Lake, by Mr. Pettitt—a gift which the Queen graciously accepted, and spoke a few words of thanks in Welsh, adding, in English, "It is extremely beautiful. How kind of you!" The proceedings at an end, the Royal party drove along the shores of Lake Bala, to Gllanllyn, where Sir and Lady Watkin Wynn entertained Her Majesty at afternoon tea at his fishing lodge. On Saturday Her

Lieutenant presented a loyal address on behalf of the county, and next followed various presentations, the Bishop of St. Asaph offering an address on behalf of the Church, and the Rev. David Roberts, D.D., on behalf of the Nonconformists, while the Town Clerk duly read the address of the Corporation, subsequently presented by the Mayor to Her Majesty, to which last the Queen read an appropriate reply. The Mayor also presented Her Majesty with a gold medal commemorative of her visit. The proceedings included some admirable singing by the choirs, and, at the close, the Royal carriages moved round the circle, and then drove back to the station amid the most enthusiastic demon-



TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT BALA



THE QUEEN LEAVING BALA FOR GLLANLLYN

Majesty paid a visit to Ruabon and to Wrexham, being accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Alix of Hesse, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Royal party travelled by rail to Ruabon station, and then, escorted by detachments of the Ninth Lancers and the Denbighshire Hussars, drove through Ruabon to Wrexham, a distance of five miles. The village, and, indeed, the whole route, was profusely and tastefully decorated from end to end with Venetian masts and flags, and was densely packed with spectators.



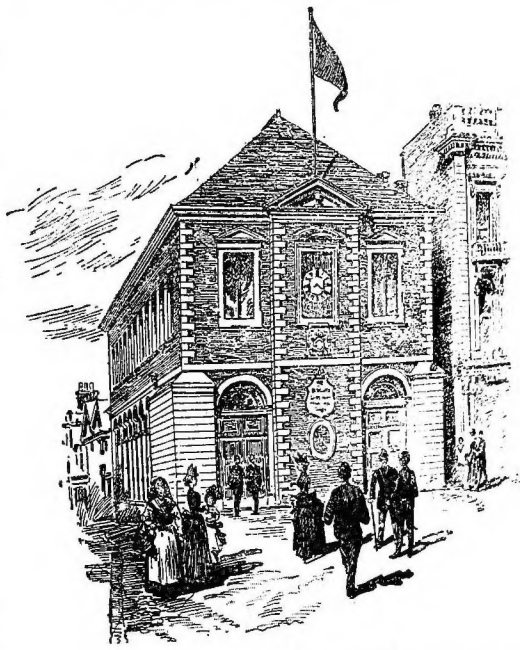
BALA LAKE

who cheered heartily as the Royal *cortège* drove by. Wrexham itself was a mass of decorations, legends of greeting were to be seen on every side, and at Acton Park an immense concourse of people, including all the principal personages of North Wales, were in waiting to receive Her Majesty. There, in a huge amphitheatre, of which the sides were formed of fine elms, the ceremony of the day took place. The gathering was in every way representative of

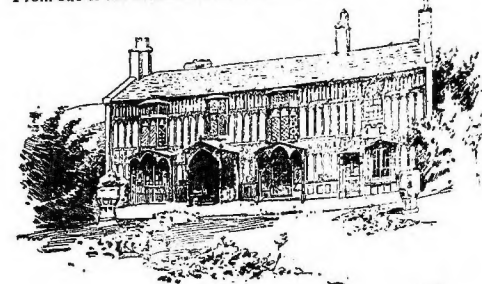


"GLLANLLYN"
Sir Watkin Wynn's Shooting Box

the Principality, there being present the Lords Lieutenant of every county of North Wales except Montgomeryshire, the Sheriffs of every county but two, the Chairman of every County Council save one, all the Mayors save one, all but two of the Peers, the two



TOWN HALL, WREXHAM
From one of the windows of which Charles I. in 1642 addressed the people



HOUSE OF "THE MAIDS OF LLANGOLLEN"

strations of loyalty. The Royal visit to Wales has been in every way a success, and Her Majesty has especially delighted the Welsh by speaking to the deputations in several instances in their own language. On Monday Her Majesty visited Llangollen, where an address was presented and acknowledged. Our illustration represents one of the chief features of that lovely town, Plas Newydd, the house where the two eccentric ladies Miss Ponsonby and Lady

Eleanor Butler lived early in the present century. These ladies having vowed to remain single, carried out their intention. They dressed like men, with black coats and beaver hats, but despite their eccentricities, wrought many good and charitable deeds. Wordsworth thus refers to them:

Faithful to a low-roofed cot
On Deva's banks ye have abode so long
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of time.

“THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS”

A NEW serial story, by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 261.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

See pp. 266 et seqq.

THE OLD AND THE NEW NORTH-WEST

In these drawings Mr. Fripp has forcibly typified the changes which the white man has wrought in the great Western hunting-grounds of the red man. Slowly but surely the ranchman and squatter have advanced, driving the Indians before them, until the Government reserves are all that is left to the original occupants of the vast forests and prairies which the surplus population of the Old World are gradually bringing into cultivation. Where the Redskin wigwam once formed the sole human habitation, straggling villages and busy townships have now sprung up, and the old warrior chiefs and their devoted squaws have been replaced by the sturdy but more commonplace British settler and his no less hardworking helpmeet. The old North-West is dying fast it is true, but a new North-West is springing up more in accordance with the ideas and needs of the age, and which promises eventually to be one of the most prosperous and most flourishing regions in the great American continent.

THE RYDE CARNIVAL

After the regatta last year at Ryde, it was determined for the second time to hold a carnival, and the experiment proved such a success that the entertainment was once more repeated this year, on August 15th, and met with still warmer popular appreciation. It is true that the thousands who crowded into Ryde from all parts were content to look on, and did not join in the fun themselves as the inhabitants of sunnier climes are wont to do. Modern Englishmen, however, cannot be expected suddenly to place themselves in the true carnival frame of mind, which, be it remembered, really implies a few hours of reckless merriment and revelry, ushering in a prolonged period of fasting and self-denial. At all events, the Ryde Carnival was a decided success. There was a procession nearly a mile long, and hundreds of people in fancy costumes took part in it. The great defect of last year was the want of light, but that was obviated on the present occasion by the use of lime lights in the procession, and coloured fires from the houses, so that the gorgeous and grotesque costumes looked their best. The procession was headed by the Volunteer band, then in successive order came twelve tumbling clowns, the Ryde Fire Brigade, the Dark Town Fire Brigade (modelled on the well-known series of nigger caricatures), a series of *tableau* cars, respectively representing Britannia, the various divisions of the globe, while others again were successively filled with Eastern beauties, Shakespearian characters, and a group *à la Watteau*. Then there were a number of hobby horses, who aroused much merriment by their comical prancings and curvettings, “Ally Sloper,” the lads of the training ship *Mercury*, and their cutter, a group of twelve ghosts all in white, and with white conical caps, and a car depicting the Village Blacksmiths at work. During the Carnival, the Queen with the Princess Beatrice drove into the town, in a carriage and four with outriders. They were loudly cheered when they alighted, and walked through the streets, evidently much amused with the proceedings, especially when the twelve ghosts formed in line and gave the Royal visitors an orthodox military salute.—Our engravings are from photographs sent to us by Mr. J. B. Purnell, Hon. Sec. of the Carnival Committee.

TURTLE-TURNING NEAR KURRACHEE

The turtle is technically described as belonging to the order of Chelonian reptiles, and is chiefly found in tropical seas, where its food consists of both animal and vegetable matters. The best known species is the green, or edible turtle (dear to the frequenters of civic banquets), which is found on the Atlantic coasts of Africa and America, and is chiefly caught at Ascension Island and the West India Islands. These creatures come on shore to deposit their eggs on the beach (these eggs are regarded as delicacies, and are eagerly sought for); and when thus engaged they themselves are apt to become the prey of their human foes, for they travel much more clumsily and slowly on land than in the water. If, moreover, the turtle's pursuers can manage to capsize her, and leave her sprawling on her back, the poor brute is practically at their mercy, although if she gets their fingers or toes into her beak they soon learn that, although toothless, she can bite sharply.—Our engravings, which are from sketches by Mr. C. Kearsey, 10A, Grove End Road, N.W., are self-explanatory.

TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, X.

See page 271.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—Admiral Tryon was, on Tuesday, still cruising in the Channel for the protection of British commerce, when two torpedo vessels of the B fleet made an adventurous dash at his flagship, the *Hercules*. Their approach, however, was observed in time, and after being exposed to a heavy fire from rifles and machine guns, the strangers retired, not daring to come into and machine guns, the strangers retired, not daring to come into the zone of light which flashed from and around the *Hercules*. On the same day, the *Anson* and *Collingwood*, accompanied by the *Inflexible*, paid another visit to the Frith of Forth, and one of them steamed rapidly towards the Forth Bridge. This time the Volunteer excitement. Soon after 6 P.M. the three vessels of the enemy stemmed out of the Frith.

THE LONDON STRIKES.—The strike of the dock labourers has, since our last issue, been followed by that of a number of workers both connected and unconnected with shipping, and the paralysis of large sections of London industry thus produced is almost unparalleled. Stevedores, lightermen, carmen, are among the many cented. On Tuesday the adequate supply of coal to London was menaced by a strike of the coalheavers and others in the coal depôts of the Midland and Great Northern Railways, and the number of men who have thus deserted one of the most necessary of occupations is estimated at 5,000. To say nothing of minor strikes, some 7,000 ironworkers, it is said, employed at the Thames Iron Works at

Blackwall and elsewhere have struck, and there is no saying when, if a settlement be not come to, the contagion will cease to operate, or what mischief may not be done to London, as one of the greatest shipping and commercial centres. The vast London docks, stretching for miles, and the wharves and quay-sides are almost deserted, and idleness reigns supreme in the Isle of Dogs. Business in the Corn Exchange and Coal Exchange is at a standstill. Immense quantities of frozen meat from Australia, New Zealand, and the River Plate, are lying on board the vessels which brought them, and it is feared will be rendered unsaleable by a continuance of the strike. Most of the attempts made by shipowners to have cargoes loaded and unloaded by non-strikers are defeated by the intimidation brought to bear on them by the strikers, who, for the rest, are continually marching in huge processions and holding mass meetings, the orators at which promise them victory as the reward of perseverance. All attempts to procure a settlement through arbitration or concession by the dock owners have failed. To a deputation of M.P.'s urging a slight advance to the men, it was explained that this was impossible, and that the London and St. Katherine Docks were paying low interest on capital, and the East and West India Docks no interest at all. The recommendation of the representatives of Mincing Lane interests to have the dispute arbitrated on was courteously, but peremptorily, rejected by the dock-owners. On Tuesday, at an interview with the London and India Docks Joint Committee, the Secretary of the Labourers' Union offered, on the part of the men, to close the strike on conditions slightly modified, in the owners' interest, from those originally insisted on; but the offer was declined. At the same time the claims of the strikers are being supported by sympathetic and disinterested outsiders, and in a less, but still marked degree, by shipowners and others who are suffering from the strike, and wish the dock-owners to end it by some concession. Thus, at a mass meeting at Mile End, on Tuesday, Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., presided, and, with Mr. Montagu and other M.P.'s, strongly advocated the cause of the dock labourers. At a large meeting of wharfingers and granary-keepers, also held on Tuesday, a revision of the contract system was recommended. On the same day, at the half-yearly meeting of the General Steam Navigation Company, the Chairman said that, if the dock-owners could not manage their labour, let the shipowners manage it themselves. They had no quarrel with the men, and he believed that they could settle the matter for themselves if only they had the opportunity. Meanwhile the Peninsular and Oriental Company are arranging to despatch steamers from Southampton instead of from London, and have had the cargoes of several satisfactorily discharged from the former port.—Since the above was in type, the intervention of the wharfingers created a hope that the dock-owners would make concessions satisfactory to the men, but at a meeting, on Wednesday, of the representatives of the dock companies with those of the dockers, a compromise which might have been arrived at collapsed through the insistence of the latter that the rate of pay should be 6d. an hour. It being intimated that the companies could not assent to this demand the conference was suspended.—A conference between coal merchants and carmen and loaders on strike terminated in the acceptance by the men of the terms offered. But at another meeting between coal merchants and three delegates of the coal porters, the latter intimated that their constituents would not “go in” until the demands of the dockers were granted.

LORD BRASSEY has given, in a letter to the *Times*, an elaborate history of our naval construction as exemplified in the recent muster of war vessels at Spithead. He winds up with the statement that the problem of construction for war is insoluble, that the best design is a compromise; and that, as we cannot have invulnerable ships, the risks of war should be divided among as many ships as can be built. We can, he says, multiply such types as the armoured torpedo-ram. The large battle-ships, he adds in conclusion, are too costly, and the sea-going torpedo vessel is the best type as yet proposed, within such limits as to cost as will allow of a considerable number being laid down.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION at its approaching third meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne will be presided over by Professor Flower, Director of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. The programme of its proceedings is full of interest, and promises well for its success. Professor Burdon Sanderson, the eminent physiologist, will be president of Section D, the veteran Sir I. Lowthian Bell, of the Chemical Section, Professor James Geikie, of Edinburgh, of the Geological Section, Mr. William Anderson, of the Mechanical Science Section, that of Anthropology will be presided over by Sir W. Turner, Professor of Anatomy in Edinburgh University, and that of Economic Science and Statistics by Professor F. Y. Edgeworth.

MISCELLANEOUS.—H.M.S. *Sultan* is telegraphed as now safe in port at Malta.—The National Eisteddfod has been opened at Brecon under the presidency of Sir Joseph Bailey, M.P. for Hereford. Among the prizes awarded, chiefly musical and literary, was one of fifty guineas for an essay on the best means of developing the industrial resources of Wales.—According to the just-issued report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners, the gross receipts from beer-duty during the last financial year was 8,938,438l., being the largest amount reached in any year since it was imposed. The consumption, or at least the production, of beer had increased in all parts of the United Kingdom, notably in Scotland, 6.70 per cent.; and in Ireland, 3.14; while in England it was only 0.99 per cent. The consumption of tobacco has more than doubled in the last forty or fifty years, being now nearly a pound and a half per head against 13½ oz. in 1840.—A plebiscite on the eight hours' question having been taken among the members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, out of 13,000 voting papers only 3,694 were returned filled up, 3,344 of which were in favour of an eight hours' working day, and 350 members were against it. It is significant, however, that 1,504 members declared against the eight hours' day being procured by Act of Parliament, 2,170 voting in favour of such a measure.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Mrs. Tryon, wife of Admiral Robert Tryon, of the retired list, who is an uncle of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, in command of the “A” fleet during this year's naval manœuvres; in his fifty-seventh year, of the Earl of Granard, who was Attaché at Dresden from 1851 to 1854, and Vice-Administrator of Connaught, and is succeeded by his son, Viscount Forbes; in his seventy-eighth year, of Colonel George Tomline, a grandson of the late Bishop Tomline, M.P. for Sudbury, 1840-1; for Shrewsbury, 1841-7 and 1852-68; and for Great Grimsby, 1868-74; in his seventy-eighth year, of Mr. Robert Pryor, since 1867 Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the St. Albans Division of Hertfordshire, of which county he was High Sheriff in 1868; in his eighty-sixth year, of the Rev. William Wales, Canon of Peterborough, and late Chancellor of the Diocese; in his sixty-fourth year, of the Rev. Samuel Beal, the eminent Orientalist, since 1877 Professor of Chinese in University College, London, author and editor of several valuable works on Buddhism, several of them translations from the Chinese, among them the collection, “Texts from the Buddhist Canon” in the series of “Sacred Books of the East”; in his sixty-fifth year, of Dr. Samuel O. Habershon, a distinguished Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, from 1873 to 1880 Senior Physician to Guy's Hospital, and a copious contributor to medical literature; in his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. John Cowell Boys, a native of Eastbourne, one of the first pioneer settlers of New Zealand; and in his seventy-first year, of Mr. John Sanger, the well-known circus proprietor.



SHOOTING NIAGARA RAPIDS seems to possess a strange fascination for the American mind. Graham, who accomplished the feat in a barrel last year, has just tried his luck a second time in similar fashion, and came out safely five miles below. He was, however, very exhausted.

A SHAM SIEGE OF CALCUTTA promises to be the great feature of the Military and Naval Manœuvres in India during the coming cold season. The Commander-in-Chief wishes to see what could be done supposing the city were attacked by a hostile fleet, which had eluded the British men-of-war in the Bay, and escaped the various torpedoes, mines, &c., laid down in the Hooghly.

PART OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE has been rebuilt—the apartments known as “King Edward's Lodgings,” at the north-eastern angle of the building, which were so much damaged by fire three years ago. Special precautions have been taken against fire, such as carrying separation walls to the top of the Palace, and laying on extra fire-mains. Externally, the rooms are now in far better keeping with the original Tudor character of the Palace, as stone-mullioned casements have replaced the plain square windows.

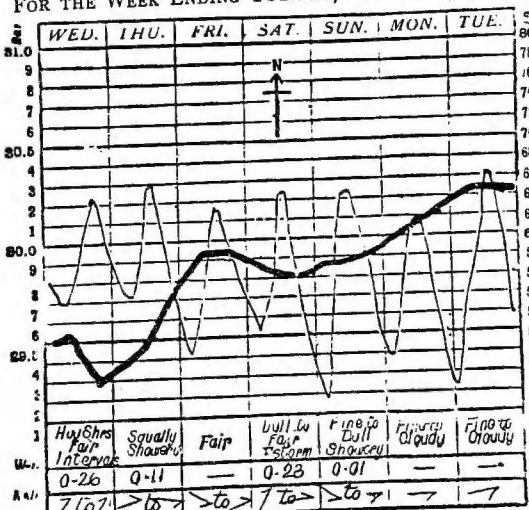
TELEGRAPH MONEY ORDERS will be introduced next Monday on trial. Sums up to 10l. may then be sent between London and the chief towns in the provinces, Scotland, and Ireland, by the sender filling up the usual money-order form and marking it “remitted by telegraph.” The postmaster will telegraph the amount, with the name and address of the payee, to the payment office, repeating the message to ensure accuracy, and the receiver can then obtain the money by proving his identity to the postal officials at the other end. The cost of the two telegrams, the minimum being 9d., must be defrayed by the sender, besides the commission on the money order, which will be exactly double the present rate on ordinary postal orders.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—Owing to the great success of the Exhibition, the Parisians are suggesting that it should be kept open beyond the original limit—October 31st—at least for an additional fortnight. Foreign exhibitors, however, do not favour the idea. Though the shopkeepers at first complained that the Exhibition damaged trade, they now exult in the general prosperity produced by the rush of visitors. Up to the present it is calculated that the flood of visitors has been worth ten millions sterling to Paris; for, though most of the money goes to the hotel and restaurant keepers, a very large proportion is spent in the shops. The visitors mostly come in fortnightly relays; and, while the minority are poor, and expend little outside the Exhibition, the majority are rich provincials and foreigners with plenty of spare cash. From the opening day until the 15th inst. the admissions to the Exhibition numbered 12,242,695, against 6,054,848 in 1878. The daily average of visitors during the first fortnight of this month was 148,000, rising to 150,000 last week, and on the holiday of the Assumption (August 15th) 242,000 admissions were recorded. The National Fête day, July 14th, still stands highest with 298,000 attendances. The admission tickets have now risen to 55 or 60 centimes. The receipts of the Eiffel Tower up to August 20th amounted to 133,814l. A good deal of grumbling goes on because the American and English exhibitors keep their property covered up on Sundays, the only day that many workpeople can visit the Exhibition. The Eiffel Tower edition of the *Figaro* celebrated its centenary on Thursday, when the staff drank the health of the journal in champagne, and congratulatory speeches were made in the little printing-office on the first platform.

LONDON MORTALITY remains very low. Last week the deaths numbered 1,240, against 1,382 during the previous seven days, being a decrease of 142 and 313 below the average. The death-rate also went down to 14.9 per 1,000. There is much scarlet fever in London, the metropolitan hospitals last Saturday containing 871 patients; but the fatalities are not specially numerous, and only reached 16 last week—an increase of 3. There were 2,358 births registered—a decline of 357, and 333 below the usual return.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (27th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has generally been cool and unseasonable, with heavy rain in the West and North. At the beginning of this time a depression was passing in a North-Easterly direction across our Islands, and another was coming in from the Atlantic, giving large amounts of rain. The wind at this time was South-Westerly or Westerly over England, but North-Easterly and Easterly over Ireland and Scotland. It blew strongly over the South of England and in Scotland. By Friday morning (22nd inst.) these depressions had travelled away to Norway, and a brisk rise was in progress over Western Europe. On Saturday morning (24th inst.), a fresh fall had set in in the West, and rain had again commenced over Central England. In the afternoon a slight thunderstorm was experienced in the Metropolis. The barometer again rose generally, and the weather after this was varying greatly from time to time, clear in some localities—cloudy with local rains in others. At the close of the time the charts showed an anticyclone over France, and the Southern parts of our Islands, with fine weather in the South, but cloudy in the West. The largest amounts of rain recorded during this period were 2.1 inch at Sumburgh Head, 1.9 inches at Wick, and 1.3 inches at Naism, on Wednesday (21st inst.), and 1.0 inch at Loughborough, and 0.7 inches at Roche's Point on the 22nd inst. Temperature was broadly speaking from 2 to 4 degrees below the average for the time of year over the United Kingdom.

The barometer was highest (30.25 inches) on Tuesday (27th inst.); lowest 29.30 inches on Wednesday (21st inst.); range 0.95 inch.

The temperature was highest (67°) on Tuesday (27th inst.); lowest (44°) on Sunday (25th inst.); range 23°.

Rain fell on four days. Total amount 0.61 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.26 inch on Wednesday (21st inst.).

PRESENTING THE SPOON TO THE "SEIGNEUR" OF THE CONFRATERNITY



AN ALPINE HORN-BLOWER



THE CHILDREN OF SPRING



THE PROCESSION OF BACCHUS

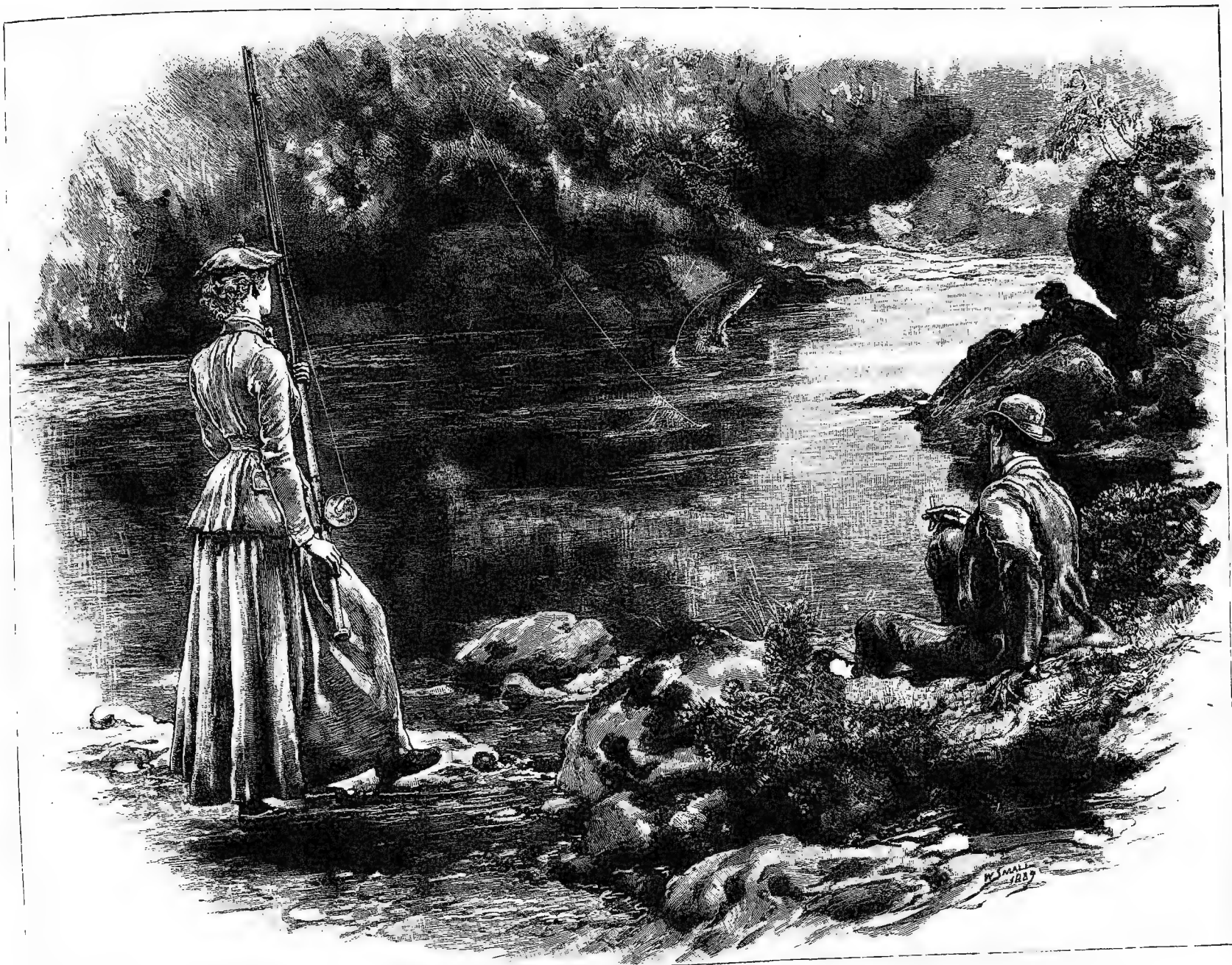


THE PROCESSION OF CERES

THE FÊTE DES VIGNERONS, VEVEY, SWITZERLAND



THE MAYOR OF WREXHAM PRESENTING THE QUEEN WITH AN ADDRESS AND GOLD MEDAL
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

"I would step back a bit, Miss Honnor," the keen-visaged old gillie said.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

CHAPTER VII.

IN STRATHAIVRON

It was still early in the afternoon when Lionel found himself driving along a loftily-winding road overlooking the wide and fertile valley of the Aivron. Right down below him, and visible through the birch-trees, was the river itself, of a brilliant clear-shining blue, save where in some more distant sweeps it shone a silver-white; on the other side of the broad strath rose a range of hill fringed along its base with wood, but terminating in the west in far altitudes of bare rock and heather; while now and again he could catch a glimpse of some still more distant peak or shoulder, no doubt belonging to the remote and mountainous region of Assynt. And there, in the middle of the plain, stood the shooting-lodge for which he was bound—a long, rambling building or series of buildings with all sorts of kennels and outhouses and deer-houses attached; and as he was regarding this goal and aim of his journey, and wondering how he was going to get across the swift-flowing stream, behold! a white fluttering of handkerchiefs just outside the porch. It was a signal to him, he knew; and he returned it more than once—until, indeed, he discovered that his driver was leaving the road and about to take the horses down a rudely-cut track on the hill-side.

"I say, isn't there a bridge anywhere?" he asked: for he was not used to such exploits.

"Aw no, there's no brudge," the old Highland driver said, coolly, as he jammed down the brake. "But we'll do ferry well at the ford; the water is not so high the now."

"And when the water is high, what do they do then?" Lionel asked—as he regarded with some concern the almost vertical pole and the straining harness.

"Aw, well, there uss a boat; and if there's a spate on the ruvver they can come and go; but not with the heavy things. Ay, I hef seen tons of coal waiting for them at Invershin for near a fortnight when there wass a heavy spate on the ruvver. The leddies are so particular nowadays; peat will not do for them for the cooking; naw, they must hef coal—"

But now the horses were entering the stream, and the old man's loquacity ceased. The animals, however, seemed quite accustomed to this performance; without any hesitation they ventured into the rapid current, and splashed their way forward, getting such footing as was possible among the big loose stones and shingle. Indeed, the passage was effected with very little trouble, if with a good deal of jolting and bumping; and thereafter there was a pleasant trot along some sufficiently smooth greensward up to the door of the lodge.

Yes, here were the three tall and handsome sisters, looking very picturesque in their simple northern attire; and here was Miss Georgie Lestrage conspicuous in a Tam o' Shanter of bright blue; and no sooner had the young man descended from the waggonette than they surrounded him, laughing and questioning, and giving him the heartiest of welcomes. How could he answer them all at once? When the poor man was taken into the dining-room, and set down to his solitary luncheon, they were all for waiting on him and talking to him at the same time.

"It is so awfully kind of you to come," Lady Adela said, with one of her most gracious smiles. "Now we shall hear about something else than dogs and guns and grouse."

"Oh, Mr. Moore," cried Lady Rosamund (who was the youngest, and had a bit of a temper, and was allowed to interfere when she liked) "do you now a Masque called *Alfred*? You do?—how delightful! Well, then, you remember the visions of the future Kings and Queens that pass before *Alfred* when he is in the Isle of Athelney: how can I get that done in the open air? What kind of gauze do you use in the theatre? Could you get me a bit? And would painted shades do instead of living persons?—you see we have so few people to come and go on up here."

"And, Mr. Moore," cried Lady Sybil, "how are we to manage about an accompaniment? A single violin is no use out in the open. Would it be too dreadful if we had a harmonium concealed somewhere? We could get one from Inverness; and you know a harmonium would do very well for the music that introduces the visions."

"Mr. Moore," put in Miss Georgie Lestrage, with a complaining air, "fancy their having given me another of Kitty Clive's characters: isn't it too bad! Why, I'll go on and on until I identify myself with her altogether: and then, you know, Kitty Clive wasn't—I'm afraid she wasn't quite—"

"Oh, Mrs. Clive was all right; she was a great friend of Dr. Johnson," Lionel made answer, to reassure the young lady. "But I wish you girls would leave off chattering, and let Mr. Moore get something to eat," the young matron said impatiently; and she herself was so kind as to go and fetch the claret-jug from the side-table and fill his glass.

However, there was peace in store for him. When he had finished with this late lunch, Lady Adela begged him to excuse them if they left him to shift for himself: they were busy dress-making, she said. Would she send for one of the keepers, who would show him one or two of the nearest pools, so that he might try for a salmon? The gentlemen had all gone down the strath, to test some new rifle, she thought: this was out of consideration for her, for she

could not bear shooting close to the house: would he walk in that direction, and see what they were doing?

"Don't you trouble," he said, instantly. "You leave me to myself. I like to wander about and find out my surroundings. I shall go down to the river, to begin with: I saw some picturesque bits higher up when we were coming along."

"You'll almost certainly find Honnor Cunyngham there," said Miss Lestrage. "I suppose she has gone storking as usual."

"Storking?" said he, in some amazement.

"No, no—storking, as I call it. She haunts the side of the river like a crane or a heron," said the red-haired damsel. "I think she would rather land a salmon than go to heaven."

"Georgie," said the young matron, severely, "you are not likely ever to do either; so you needn't be spiteful. Come away and get to work. Mr. Moore, we dine at eight; and if you are anywhere up or down the strath, you'll hear the bell over the stables rung at seven, and then at half-past."

So they went off and left him; and he was not displeased; he passed out by the front door, lit a cigar, and strolled down towards the banks of the Aivron. It was a bright and sweet-aired afternoon; he was glad to be at the end of his journey; and this was a very charming, if somewhat lonely, stretch of country in which he now found himself. The wide river, the steep hillside beyond hanging in foliage, the valley narrowing in among rocks and then leading away up to those far solitudes of moorland and heather broken only here and there by a single pine—all these features of the landscape seemed so clear and fine in colour; there was no intervening haze; everything was vivid and singularly distinct, and yet aerial and harmonious and retiring of hue. But of course it was the stream—with its glancing lights, its living change and motion, its murmuring, varying voice—that was the chief attraction; and he wandered on by the side of it, noting here and there the long rippling shallows where the sun struck golden on the sand beneath, watching the oily swirls of the deep black-brown pools as if at any moment he expected to see a salmon leap into the air, and not even uninterested in the calm eddies on the other side, where the smooth water mirrored the yellow-green bank and the bushes and the overhanging birch-trees. He sat down for a while, listening absently to this continuous, soothing murmur, perhaps thinking of the roar of the great city he had left. He was quite content to be alone; he did not even want Maurice Mangan to be discoursing to him—in those seasons of calm in which questions, long unanswered, perhaps never to be answered, will arise.

Then he rose and went on again, for from the high road along which he had driven he had caught a glimpse of a wilder part of

the glen, where the river seemed to come tumbling down a rocky chasm, with some huge boulders in mid-channel; and even now he could hear the distant, muffled roar of the waters. But all of a sudden he stopped. Away along there, and keeping guard (like a stork, as Miss George Lestrangle had suggested) above the pool that lay on this side of the double waterfall, was a young lady, her back turned towards him. So far as he could make out, she wasn't doing anything; a long fishing-rod, with the butt on the ground, she held idly in her right hand; while with her left hand she occasionally shaded her face and looked across towards the west—probably, as he imagined, she was waiting for some of those smooth-sailing clouds to come and obscure the too fierce light of the sun. He knew who she was; this must be Honnor Cunyngham, Lady Adela's sister-in-law; and of course he did not wish to intrude on the young lady's privacy; he would try to pass by behind her unobserved, though here the strath narrowed until it was almost a defile.

He was soon relieved from all anxiety. Sharper eyes than his own had perceived him. The young lady wheeled round; glanced at him for a second; turned again; and then a thin, tall, old man, who had hitherto been invisible to him, rose from his concealment among the rocks close to her, and came along the river-bank. He was a very handsome old man, this superannuated keeper, with his keen, aquiline nose, his clear grey eyes, and frosted hair.

"Miss Honnor says will you hef a cast, Sir. There's some clouds will be over soon."

"Oh, no, thank you, I could not dream of interrupting her," Lionel said: and then it occurred to him that he ought to go and thank the young lady herself for this frank invitation. "I—I'll go along and tell her so."

As he walked towards her he kept his eye, somewhat furtively, on her, though now she had turned her back again; and all he could make out was that she had a very elegant figure; that she was tall—though not so tall as her three sisters-in-law; and that her abundant brown hair was short and curly and kept close to her head almost like a boy's. Were not her shoulders a trifle square-set for a woman?—but perhaps that appearance was owing to her costume, for she wore a Norfolk jacket of grey homespun that looked as if it could afford a good defence against the weather. She was entirely grey, in fact; for her short-skirted dress was of the same material; and so also was the Tam o' Shanter, adorned with salmon flies, that she wore on her shapely head of golden-brown curls. Oh, yes, she looked sufficiently picturesque, standing there against the glow of the western skies, with the long salmon-rod in her right hand; but he was hardly prepared for what followed. The moment that she heard him draw near, she wheeled round and regarded him for a second—regarded him with a glance that rather bewildered him by reason of its transparent honesty and directness. The clear hazel eyes seemed to read him through and through, and yet not to be aware of their own boldness; and he did not know why he was so glad to hear that she had a soft and girlish voice as she said—

"You are Mr. Moore. I am Lady Adela's sister—of course you know. Won't you take my rod? There will be some shadow very soon, I think."

"Oh, certainly not—certainly not," said he. "But I should be delighted if you would let me stay and look on: it would interest me quite as much—every bit as much."

"Oh, stay by all means," said she, turning to look at the western sky. "But I wish you would take my rod. What are they all about to let you come wandering out alone, on the first day of your arrival?"

"Oh, that's quite right," said he, cheerfully. "Lady Adela and the young ladies are all busy dress-making."

"Ye may be getting ready, Miss Honnor," old Robert interposed. "There'll be a cloud over the sun directly."

Thus admonished the tall young fisher-maiden stepped down by the side of a rock overhanging this wide black-swirling pool, and proceeded to get her tackle in order.

"You know I'll give you my rod whenever you like to take a turn," said she, addressing Lionel even as she was getting the fly on to the water. "But we can't afford to waste a moment of shadow. I have done nothing all day on account of the sunlight."

And now the welcome shade was over, and after a preliminary cast or two to get the line out she was sending her fly well across, and letting it drift quietly down the stream, to be recovered by a series of small and gentle jerks. Lionel was supposed to be looking on at the fishing; but, when he dared, he was stealing covert glances at her; for this was one of the most striking faces he had seen for many a day. There was a curiously pronounced personality about her features, refined as they were; her lips were proud—and perhaps a little firmer than usual just now when she was wielding a seventeen-foot rod; her clear hazel eyes were absolutely fearless; and her broadly-marked and somewhat square eyebrows appeared to lend strength rather than gentleness to the intellectual forehead. Then the stateliness of her neck and the set of her head: she seemed to recall to him some proud warrior-maiden out of Scandinavian mythology—though she was dressed in simple homespun and had for her only henchman this quiet old Robert who, crouching down under a birch-tree, was watching every cast made by his mistress with the intensest interest. And at last Lionel was startled to hear the old man call out, but in an undertone—"Ho!"

Honnor Cunyngham began coolly to pull in her line through the rings.

"What is it?" Lionel asked, in wonder.

"I rose a fish then, but he came short," she said, quietly. "We'll give him a rest. A pretty good one, wasn't he, Robert?"

"Ay, he was that, Miss Honnor, a good fish. And ye did not touch him?"

"Not at all: he'll come again sure enough."

And then she turned to Lionel; and he was pleased to observe, as she went on to speak to him about her sisters-in-law and their various pursuits, that, proud as those lips were, a sort of grave good-humour seemed to be their habitual expression, and also that those transparently honest hazel eyes had a very attractive sunniness in them when she was amused.

"The dress-making," she said: "Of course you know what that is about. They are preparing another of those out-of-door performances. Oh, yes, they are very much in earnest," she went on, with a smile that lightened and sweetened the pronounced character of her face.

"And you are to be entertained this time. They are not going to ask you to do anything. Last time, at Campden Hill, you took a principal part, didn't you?—but this time you are merely to be a guest—a spectator."

"And which are you to be, Miss Cunyngham?" he made bold to ask.

"I? Oh, they never ask me to join in those things," she said, pleasantly enough. "The sacred fire has not descended on me. They say that I regard their performances as mere childish amusement; but I don't really; it isn't for a Philistine like myself to express disdain about anything. But then, you see, if I were to try to join in with my clever sisters, and perhaps when they were most in earnest, I might laugh; and enthusiasts couldn't be expected to like that, could they?"

She spoke very honestly and fairly, he thought, and without showing anything like scorn of what she did not sympathise with; and yet somehow he felt glad that he was not expected to take a part in this new masque.

"From what I remember of it," said he, "I suppose it will be mostly a pageant—there is plenty of patriotic sentiment in it, but hardly any action, as far as I recollect. Of course, I know it chiefly because the poet Thomson wrote it, or, partly wrote it, and because he put 'Rule Britannia' into it. Isn't it odd," he added, with a touch of adroit flattery (as he considered) "that the two chief national songs of England, 'Ye Mariners of England' and 'Rule Britannia' should both have been written by Scotchmen?"

She paid no heed to this compliment: indeed he might have known that the old Scotch families (many of them of Norman origin, by the way) have so intermarried with English families that they have very little distinct nationality, though they may be proud enough of their name. This young lady was no more Scotch than himself.

"I will try him again now," said she, with a glance at the water, and forthwith she set to work with rod and line, beginning a few yards further up the stream, and gradually working down to where she had risen the fish. As she came near the spot, Lionel could see that she was covering every inch of the water with the greatest care, and also that at the end of each cast she let the fly hang for a time in the current. He became quite anxious himself. Was she not quite close to the fish now? Or had he caught too clear a glimpse of the fly on the previous occasion, and gone away? Yes, she must be almost over him now; and yet there was no sign. Or past him? Or he might have turned and gone a yard or two further down? Then, as this eagerly interested spectator was intently watching the swirls of the deep pool, there was a sudden wave on the surface, she struck up her rod slightly, and the next moment away went her line tearing through the water, while the reel screamed out its joyous note of recognition. Old Robert jumped to his feet. At the same instant the fish made another appalling rush, far away on the opposite side of the river, and at the end of it flashed into the air—a swift gleam of purple-blue and silver that revealed his splendid size. Lionel was quite breathless with excitement. He dared not speak to her, for fear of distracting her attention. But she was apparently quite calm; and old Robert looked on without any great solicitude, as if he knew that his young mistress needed neither advice nor assistance. Meanwhile the salmon had come back into the middle of the stream, where it lay deep, only giving evidence of its existence by a series of vicious tugs.

"I don't like that tugging, Robert," she said. "He knows too much. He has pulled himself free from a fly before."

"Ay, ay, I'm afraid of that too," old Robert said, with his keen eyes fixed on every movement of the straining line.

Then the fish lay still and sulked; and she took the opportunity of moving a little bit up-stream, and reeling in a yard or two.

"Would you like to take the rod now, Mr. Moore?" she said, generously.

"Oh, certainly not," he exclaimed. "I would not for worlds you should lose the salmon—and do you think I could take the responsibility?"

He ceased speaking, for he saw that her attention had once more been drawn to the salmon, which was now calmly and steadily making up stream. He watched the slow progress of the line; and then to his horror he perceived that the fish was heading for the other side of a large grey rock that stood in mid-channel. If he should persist in boring his way up that further current, would not he inevitably cut the line on the rock? What could she do? Still nearer and nearer to the big boulder went that white line, steadily cutting through the brown water; and still she said not a word, though Lionel fancied she was now putting on a heavier strain. At last the line was almost touching the stone; and there the salmon lay motionless. He was within half a yard of certain freedom, if only he had known; for the water was far too deep to allow of old Robert wading in and getting the line over the rock. But just as Lionel, far more excited than the fisher-maiden herself, was wondering what was going to happen next, the whole situation of affairs was reversed in a twinkling; the salmon suddenly turned and dashed away down-stream until it was right at the end of the pool, and there, in deep water on the other side, it resumed its determined tugging, so that the pliant top of the rod was shaken as if by a human hand.

"That is what frightens me," she said to Lionel. "I don't like that at all."

But what could he do to help her? Eager wishes were of no avail; and yet he felt as if the crowning joy of his life would be to see that splendid big fish safely out here on the bank. All his faculties seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of this momentous struggle. The past and the future were alike cut off from him—he had forgotten all about the theatre and its trumpey applause—he had no thought but for the unseen creature underneath the water that was dashing its head from side to side, and then boring down, and then sailing away over to the opposite shallows, exhausting every manœuvre to regain its liberty. He could not speak to her: what was anything he could say as compared with the tremendous importance of the next movement on the part of the fish? But she was calm enough.

"He doesn't tire himself much, Robert," she said. "He keeps all his strength for that tugging."

But just as she spoke the salmon began to come into mid-stream again, and she stepped a yard or two back, reeling in the line swiftly. Once or twice she looked at the top of the rod: there was a faint strain on, nothing more. Then her enemy seemed inclined to yield a little; she reeled in still more quickly; knot after knot of the casting-line gradually rose from the surface; at last they caught sight of a dull bronze gleam—the sunlight striking through the brown water on the side of the fish. But he had no intention of giving in yet; he had only come up to look about him. Presently he headed up-stream again—quietly and steadily; then there was another savage shaking of his head and tugging; then a sharp run and plunge; and again he lay deep, jerking to get this unholy thing out of his jaw. Lionel began to wonder that any one should voluntarily and for the sake of amusement undergo this frightful anxiety. He knew that if he had possession of the rod, his hands would be trembling; his breath would be coming short and quick; that a lifetime of hope and fear would be crowded into every minute. And yet here was this girl watching coolly and critically the motion of the line, and showing not the slightest trace of excitement on her finely-cut, impressive features. But he noticed that her lips were firm: perhaps she was nerving herself not to betray any concern.

"I think I am getting the better of him, Robert," said she, presently, as the fish began to steer a little in her direction.

"I would step back a bit, Miss Honnor," the keen-visaged old gillie said; but he did not step back; on the contrary, he crouched down by the side of a big boulder, close to the water, and again he tried his gaff, to make sure that the steel clip was firmly fixed in the handle.

Yes, there was no doubt that the salmon was beaten. He kept coming nearer and nearer to the land, led by the gentle, continuous strain of the pliant top; though ever and anon he would vainly try to head away again into deep water. It was a beautiful thing to look at: this huge gleaming creature taken captive by an almost invisible line, and gradually yielding to inevitable fate. Joy was in Lionel's heart. If he had wondered that any one, for the sake of amusement, should choose to undergo such agonies of anxiety, he wondered no more. Here was the fierce delight of triumph. The struggle of force against skill was about over; there was no more tugging now; there were no more frantic rushes, or bewildering leaps in the air. Slowly, slowly the great fish was being led in to

shore. Twice had old Robert warily stretched out his gaff, only to find that the prize was not yet within his reach. And then, just as the young lady with the firm-set lips said "Now, Robert!" and just gave a final lurch forward, and the next instant—the salmon could tell what had happened—the fly was dangling helplessly in the air, and the fish was gone.

"Au Yee!" said Robert in an undertone to himself; while Lionel, as soon as he perceived the extent of the catastrophe, felt as though some black horror had fallen over the world. He could not say a word; he seemed yearning to have the fish for one second again where he had lately seen it—and then wouldn't he have gladly jumped into the stream, gaff in hand, to secure the splendid trophy! But now—now there was nothing but emptiness, and a lifeless waste of hurrying water.

And as regards the young lady? Well, she smiled—in a disconcerted way, to be sure; and then she said, with apparent resignation—

"I almost expected it. I never do hope to get a tugging salmon; all the way through I was saying to myself we shouldn't land him. However, there's no use fretting over lost fish. We did our best, Robert, didn't we?"

"Indeed you could not hef done better, Miss Honnor," said the old gillie. "There was no mistake that you made at all."

"Very well," said she, cheerfully; and she looked in a kindly way towards the old man. "I did everything right; and as for you, no one will tell me that the best gillie in Ross-shire did anything wrong; so we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, Robert, have we?"

"But it is such a dreadful misfortune!" exclaimed Lionel, who could hardly understand this equanimity. "Another couple of seconds and you must have had him."

"Well, now, Robert," said she briskly, "shall we go up and try the tail of the Long Pool? Or go down to the Stones?"

"We'll chist go up to the tail of the Long Pool, Miss Honnor," said he; and he took the rod from her, picked up her waterproof, and set out; while Lionel, without waiting for any further invitation, accompanied her.

And as they walked along, picking their way among boulders and bracken and heather, he was asking her whether the heart-breaking accidents and bitter disappointments of salmon-fishing were not greater than its rewards; as to which she lightly made answer—

"You must come and try. None of the gentlemen here are very eager anglers; I suppose they get enough of salmon-fishing in the spring. Now if you care about it at all, one rod is always enough for two people; and we could arrange it this way—that you should take the pools where wading is necessary. They'll get a pair of waders for you at the lodge. At present old Robert does all the wading that is wanted; but of course I don't care much about playing a fish that has been hooked by somebody else. Now you would take the wading pools."

"Oh, thank you," said he, "but I'm afraid I should show myself such a duffer. I used to be a pretty fair trout-fisher when I was a lad," he went on to say; and then it suddenly occurred to him that the offer of her companionship ought not to be received in this hesitating fashion. "But I shall be delighted to try my hand, if you will let me; and of course you must see that I don't disturb the best pools."

So they passed up through the narrow gorge, where the heavy volume of water was dashing down in tawny masses between the rocks, and got into the open country again, where the strath broadened out in a wide expanse of moorland. Here the river ran smooth between low banks, bordered now and again by a fringe of birch, and there was a greater quiet prevailing, the further and further they got away from the tumbling torrents below. But when they reached the Long Pool no fishing was possible; the afternoon sun struck full on the calm surface of the water; there was not a breath of wind to stir the smooth-mirrored blue and white; they could do nothing but choose out a heathery knoll on the bank, and sit down and wait patiently for a passing cloud.

"I suppose," said she, clasping her fingers together in her lap, "I suppose you are all eagerness about to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, I am not going shooting to-morrow," said he.

"What!" she exclaimed. "To be on a grouse-moor on the Twelfth, and not go out?"

"It is because it is the Twelfth: I don't want to spoil sport," said he, modestly. "And I don't want to make a fool of myself either. If I could shoot well enough, and if there was a place for me, I should be glad to go out with them; but my shooting is like my fishing, a relic of boyhood's days; and I should not like to make an exhibition of myself before a lot of crack shots."

"That is only false pride," said she, in her curiously direct, straightforward way. "Why should you be ashamed to admit that there are certain things you can't do as well as you can do certain other things? There is no particular virtue in having been brought up to the use of a gun or rod. Take your own case. You are at home on the stage. There you know everything—you are the master, the proficient. But take the crack shots and put them on the stage, and ask them to do the simplest thing—then it is their turn to be helpless, not to say ridiculous."

"Perhaps," said he, rather tentatively, "you mean that we should all of us keep to our own walks in life?"

"I'm sure I don't mean anything of the kind," said she, with much frankness. "I only mean that if you are not a first-rate shot, you need not be ashamed of it: you should remember there are other things you can do well. And really you must go out to-morrow morning. My brother was talking about it at breakfast; and I believe the proposal is that you go with him and Captain Waveney. If any little mistake is made, Captain Waveney is the man to retrieve it—at least so I've heard them say."

"At all events," said he, "if I go with them at all, it will not be under false pretences. I shall warn them to begin with that I am a bad shot; then I can't be found out. And then must put me in a position where I can't do much harm."

"I dare say you shoot very well," she said, with a smile. "Gentlemen always talk like that on the evening before the Twelfth, if they have come to a strange moor."

But now she had risen again, for a breath of wind was stirring along the strath, while some higher air-currents were slowly bringing certain fleecy clouds across from the west. As soon as the welcome shade had stolen over the river, she began to cast; and on this smooth water he could see more clearly what an excellent line this was that she sent out. Not a long line—perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four yards—but thrown most admirably, the fly lighting on the surface like a snowflake. Moreover, he was now a little bit behind her, so that he could with impunity regard the appearance of this newly-found companion—her lithe and agile form, the proud set of her neck and head, the beautiful close masses of her curly golden-brown hair, and the fine contour of her sun-tanned cheeks. Then the vigorous exercise in which she was engaged revealed all the suppleness and harmonious proportions of her figure; for here was no pretty wrist-work of trout-fishing, but the wielding of a double-handed salmon-rod; and she had taught herself the gillie's method of casting—that is to say, she made the backward cast by throwing both arms right up in the air, so that, as she paused to let the line straighten out behind, her one hand was on a level with her forehead, and the other more than a foot above that. Lionel thought that before he tried casting in the presence of Miss Honnor Cunyngham, he should like to get a few quiet lessons from old Robert.

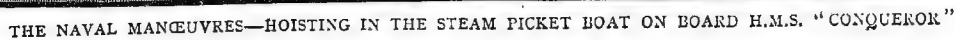
Duke Karl Theodor's own home is a few miles distance from Kreuth, at Tegern, where he has turned his palace into a hospital for the blind. He is himself one of the most skilful oculists in Europe, and his door stands open the whole day long to visitors who choose to consult him. He takes regular fees from such as can

All the buildings planned by the former owners of Kreuth are now complete. Roads have been made, gardens laid out, and the convenience and luxuries of a first-class hotel introduced into the

Badhåuser. An Hotel Kreuth now is, in name and fact, for three months in the year. During June, July, and August it is a charming health-resort, thronged by wealthy tourists, who come and go at will. It is in the midst of the most perfect scenery in Europe, surrounded by lofty mountains, with exquisite views on every side of winding valley, silvery lakes, and foaming torrents. In the hotel visitors are provided with every comfort and luxury they can reasonably desire; and for these their Royal host requires them to pay just what they would have to pay—neither more nor less—in an establishment of equal standing, but of a less anomalous nature. As everything is conducted upon sound economic principles—the Duke is his own butcher, baker, and brewer—this innkeeping is most lucrative; and, when the end of August comes, Karl Theodor has always a handsome sum at his command. This he always sets to work to spend in a manner worthy of his race. An intimation, worded with the most delicate courtesy, is conveyed to the paying visitors that the time is at hand when their rooms will be required for the use of the Duke's personal friends. These, as soon as the ordinary tourists depart, begin to arrive, and in the course of a few days there is not a room left in the hotel without its occupant. For the whole of September, and as much longer as the weather will permit, the Duke entertains some three hundred of those whom he styles his friends. As a rule, these friends are not chosen from amongst the very poor, but rather from that class—the most to be pitied of all—the shabby-genteel. Poverty-stricken artists, struggling literary men, half-pay officers, poor professors, University students: all are there enjoying the rest and change they sorely need, and can ill afford to pay for. During the time they are at Kreuth, not only are they provided with rooms, but they are fed, tended, cared for, and treated as honoured guests. The only difference made between the rich pleasure-seekers who

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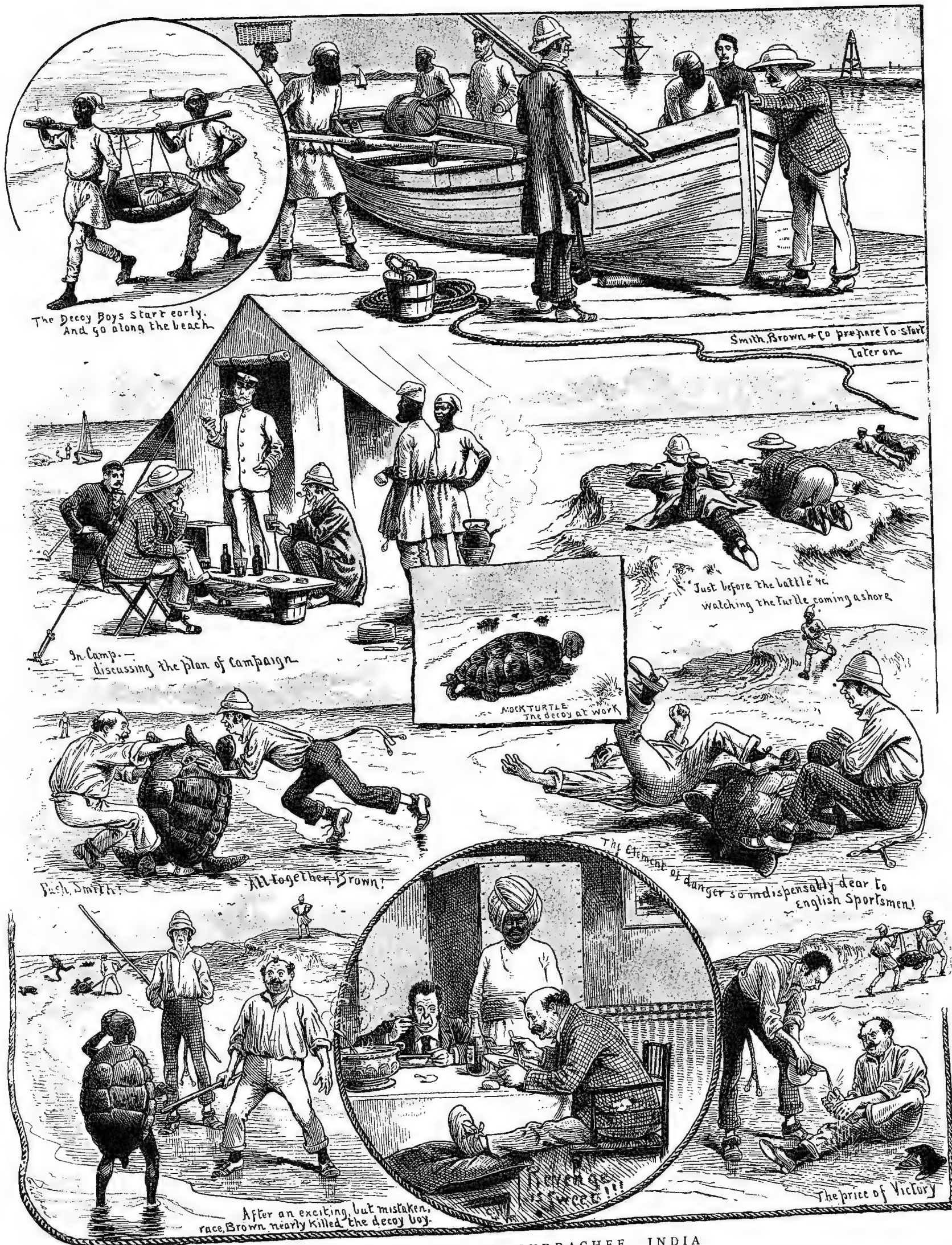
Yet Africa is not all fever and Fetish. It has "climate" enough for an army of health-seekers, though not yet garnished with 300-roomed hotels. The happy mean between the Harmattan and the British North-easter can be hit off to a nicety at many a bright spot where November is a thing of beauty and March a joy for as long as it lasts. One cannot, perhaps, indicate these as holiday seasons in the ordinary course of events; but as civilisation progresses there



are alike enjoyable, and the microbe of civilization is a stranger.

Southward again is Aghadir, the beautiful bay marking the spot where the last spur of the Atlas range debouches on the ocean, and the Valley of Sûs—a paradise for the naturalist—can be entered by those who do not mind facing a little risk from Mohammedan prejudices. Beyond this, indeed, there follows a vast stretch of desolate dice. Cape Juby stands out on a rock between sand and sea; and for yet another six or eight hundred miles there is little but solitude. Then comes another contrast—one which has given rise to the name of Cape Verde, so persistently and unmeaningly mis-spelled as Cape de Verde. Even here the charm of an equable winter temperature is not lost in tropical drought, though we now approach the latitude of the true "West Coast" ports, whose credit for salubrity is admittedly not of the highest order. A holiday at Sierra Leone unquestionably sounds like chaff to European ears; and there being, apparently, no alternative but to hang a dog with such an irretrievably bad name, not much would be gained by adducing all the evidence—and there is much—of a different tendency. "Tropical Pest-houses, and How to Live in Them," might be the title of a treatise which, in impartial hands, would reveal many possibilities not now supposed to exist on the dreaded West Coast. Upland resorts, such as may be found in Monrovia or Liberia, would come out with a surprisingly clean record, and many a good word from those who have explored them. And even thus, how far has our review of "healthy Africa" carried us? Multiply such a coast tour by ten, and it scarcely completes the circuit of the continent. With such a range, who can fear that the catalogue will be exhausted, even of places not too remote to be "done" within the compass of a Long Vacation?

O. H. H.



TURTLE TURNING AT KURRACHEE, INDIA

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS WITH THE FLEET

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES of 1889 have resembled those of previous years in one of the main objects of all such operations, at home or abroad. They were intended to test the quality and speed of the ships engaged in them, the efficiency of the complicated machinery by which ironclads are sailed and their armaments worked, and of those who superintend it, the strategic skill of commanders, the competency of officers to execute with precision the orders of superiors, and the discipline and smartness of the men. The manœuvres of this year have, however, not only been on a more extensive scale than on any former occasion, but have offered a striking and interesting contrast to those of last year. Now as then Ireland, with a considerable fleet, has been supposed to be at war with Great Britain, but the experiment of 1889 is the converse of that of 1888.

The strategic aim of last year's manœuvres was to ascertain whether the British fleet, commanded by Admiral Baird, could, as in the days of Nelson, effectually blockade the enemy's squadrons, these being stationed at Berehaven and in Lough Swilly, under the command of Admiral Tryon. The attempt failed, partly in consequence of the facilities for running a blockade which steam affords, but partly also from a deficiency in the means at the disposal of the British Admiral. Several of the enemy's blockaded ships escaped unscathed, and Admiral Baird found himself forced to retreat to the English Channel in order to defend London, the enemy meanwhile capturing Liverpool and a number of ports on the north-eastern coast from Aberdeen to Grimsby. This year the British fleet, under Admiral Tryon, has had to undertake the defence of our coasts and ports and instead of blockading the enemy under Admiral Baird (the two Admirals having thus exchanged their last year's commands), has not only met him in the open sea, but assuming the offensive for indirectly defensive purposes, has harassed his coasts and captured some of his ports. Great Britain, during the manœuvres, has been supposed to possess five impregnable naval ports, which the enemy was, therefore, debarred from assailing—Portsmouth, Plymouth, Portland, and Sheerness; and Ireland three—Queenstown, Berehaven, and

no superior force must during that period be allowed to approach within two miles of his ships. Officers were directed not to open fire on arriving off commercial ports, but to land and effect an arrangement with the civil authorities for the payment of ransom. The umpires in the British fleet were Rear-Admirals Lord Charles Scott and Sir Robert Molyneux; in the Irish, Rear-Admirals Nathaniel Bowden-Smith and George Morant.

THE FLEETS AND THEIR DISTRIBUTION

THE head-quarters of the enemy's fleet (B) were Queenstown and Berehaven, under the command of Vice-Admiral Baird, in his flagship the *Northumberland*; Rear-Admiral Sir D'Arcy Irvine, in his flagship the *Anson* being second in command. The Irish fleet in its two divisions consisted of two battleships, five of which were at Queenstown under the direct orders of Admiral Baird, six cruisers, and eight torpedo boats. The British fleet (A) had its head-quarters at Milford Haven, under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon (who, after the commencement of hostilities, became, through seniority, a Vice-Admiral) in his flagship the *Hercules*, with Rear-Admiral Tracey in his flagship *Rodney*, second in command. Fleet A, as it had to defend a number of points and an extensive coast-line, was more scattered than fleet B, five of its squadrons having their head-quarters at Lamlash Bay, Island of Arran (C), at Portsmouth (D), in the Downs (E), at Hull (F), and at Leith (G). But the fleet mobilised at Milford Haven was

Torpedo Catcher

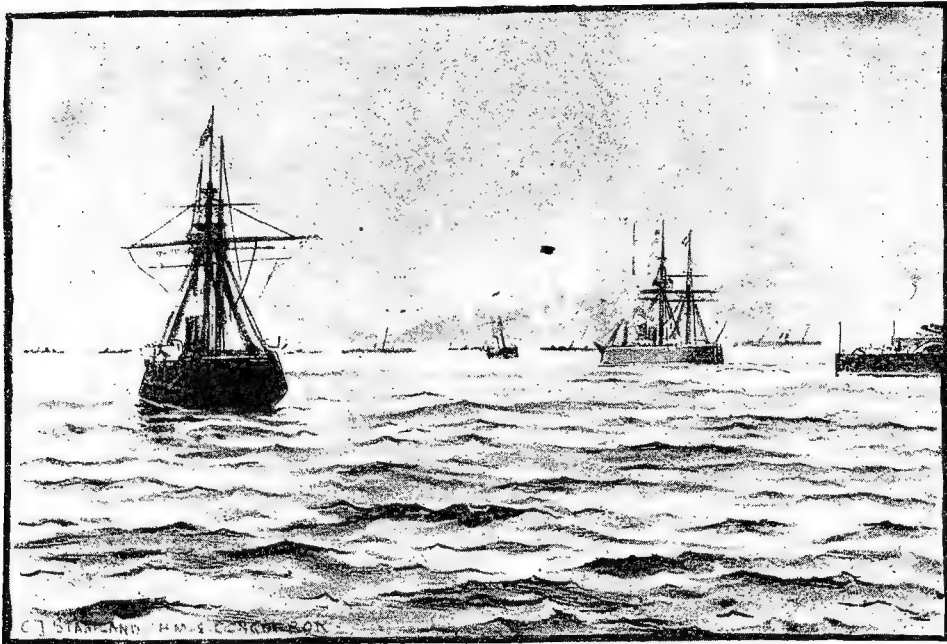
"Invincible"

Tug "Stormcock"

"Hercules"

"Rodney"

"Howe"



WAR DECLARED—COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES—TORPEDO BOATS STARTING OUT OF MILFORD HAVEN, 5.30 A.M.

Kingstown; all other points on the British and Irish coasts being considered open to attack. The rules of the mimic warfare were similar to those of last year, one of the most important of them being that in a general action ships must be for two hours within three miles of the enemy before victory can be claimed by the stronger of the two opposing forces, and that in the case of two or more ironclads engaging, they have to maintain their position within 3,000 yards before the weaker side can be considered to have been defeated. In effecting the capture of a port or harbour, the enemy must spend eight daylight hours within five miles of the place, and

proceeded to Dale Bay, just within its entrance, when, with steam up and at single anchor, was seen on the right the bow of the old *Black Prince*, next to it the *Northampton*, and, behind, the *Neptune* and *Marathon*, in the back-ground being the *Conqueror*, *Medea*, *Romney*, and *Calypso*. The wind was blowing fresh into the harbour, and all the ships were plunging more or less in the lurid light of a stormy-looking sunset.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES

IMMEDIATELY after the reception of the declaration of war, both



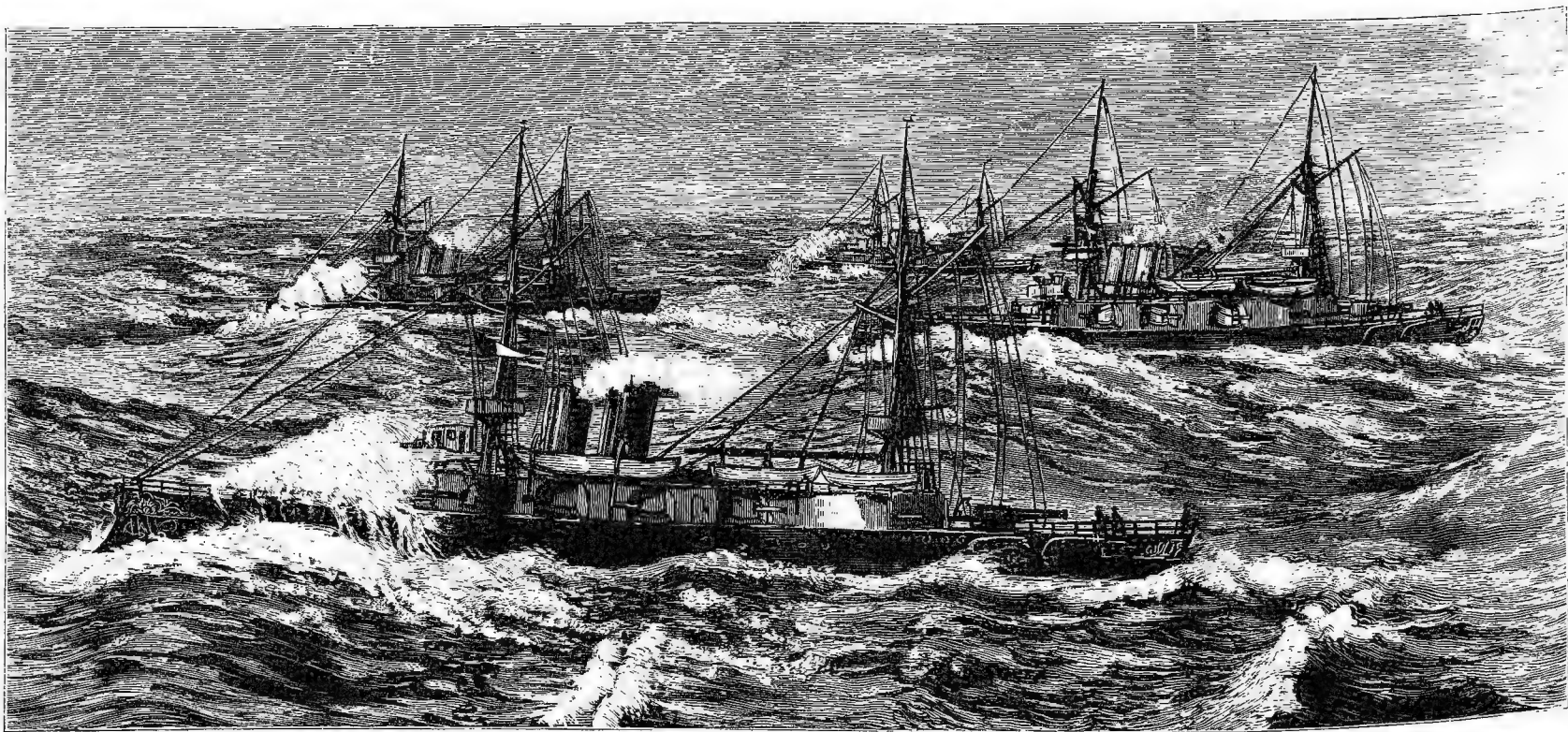
ON THE EVE OF HOSTILITIES—THE DEFENDING FLEET AT SINGLE ANCHOR IN DALE BAY, MILFORD HAVEN

the British and Irish fleets were in motion. One of our illustrations represents the torpedo-boats steaming out of Milford Haven, destined, with others of the same class belonging to Fleet "A," to do much mischief on that eventful Thursday. Admiral Tryon had resolved on at once assuming the offensive, and while the enemy might be planning descents on our coasts and raids on our commerce, to distract his attention from schemes of aggression by attacking some of his important towns.

Screened by the belted cruisers and followed by Admiral Tryon's iron-clads, torpedo-boats of fleet "A" proceeded to cross the Irish Sea. In the starboard division of the fleet were the *Howe*, a first-class, and the *Conqueror*, a second-class armoured battleship. In one of our illustrations, the *Conqueror* is ploughing the waves while shipping tons of water, which, though everything was battered down, found their way into the men's quarters. In another, the *Howe*, a first-class battle-ship, which after a slight break-down, repaired damages and put on full speed, is seen tearing past the *Conqueror*, offering what our artist on board called "a splendid sight." Waterford was the objective of the expedition. One of its torpedo-boats was, with the *Warspite* (first-class armoured cruiser) the first to enter the Suir, and by two in the afternoon Waterford was captured, and its shipping supposed to be taken possession of by the captors. At the same time a British cruiser and five torpedo-boats appeared off Kingstown, and though the cross fire of two batteries forced the cruiser to retire, the torpedo-boats ran up the Liffey as far as the Dublin Custom House, and made an imaginary attack on the shipping. On the same day the squadron in Lamlash Bay weighed anchor, and the captain of the *Hotspur*, second-class ironclad, with some torpedo-boats, was soon enabled in Belfast Lough to inform the Mayor of that town that the destruction of the docks and shipping, as indicated in a letter from Admiral Tryon previously delivered to his worship, had been duly carried out. These three successes of the "A" fleet formed a good day's work. Another of Admiral Tryon's operations on the first day of hostilities was to despatch, in order to "get touch" with the enemy, the first-class armoured cruisers, *Undaunted*, *Narcissus*, *Galatea*, and *Aurora*, which our illustration shows steaming at full speed from Milford Haven across the Irish Sea. The wind was blowing strongly against them, and as they ploughed the waves the spray broke over them in clouds. They reached the Irish coast at 11 A.M., and in the afternoon they arrived off Queenstown only to find that the enemy had vanished, for in the meantime both divisions of the "B" fleet had steamed out of Eantry Bay and from Queenstown respectively. Sheerness was among the points on the British coasts where the news of the declaration of war immediately caused preliminary and active defensive measures to be taken. There, Admiral Lethbridge directing the operations of the "E" squadron, disposed his force so as to confront the enemy if he attempted to reach the Nore either by steaming up the North Sea or through the Downs from the English Channel.

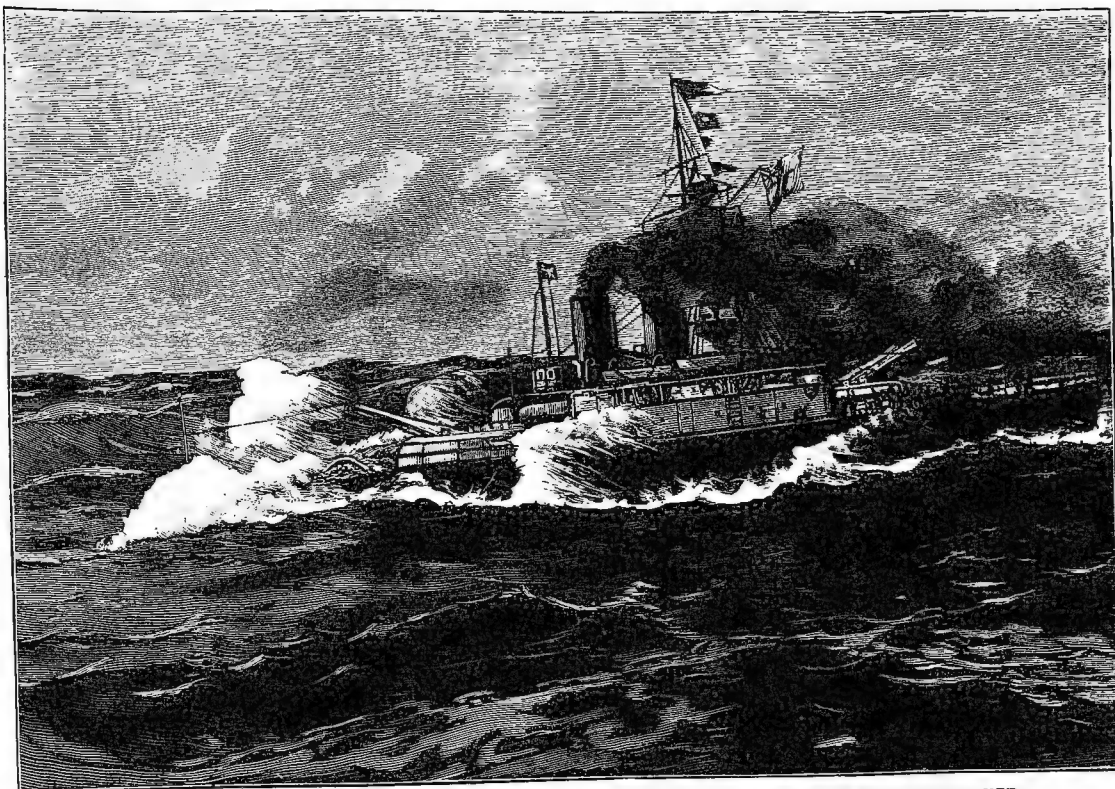
THE BATTLE OF USHANT

ON Friday, the 16th, Sir George Tryon, after a council of war, resolved on exchanging the offensive for the defensive; and, having



IN FULL CRY—THE FIRST-CLASS PROTECTED CRUISERS "UNDAUNTED," "AURORA," "NARCISSUS," AND "GALATEA" CROSSING THE IRISH CHANNEL

drawn an imaginary line of observation from the Lizard to Ushant, posted on it the *Rodney*, the *Howe*, and the *Warspite*, with some cruisers, as a division under the orders of Admiral Tracey, he himself aiding in the defence of the Channel by his presence on board his flag-ship, accompanied by a squadron of six moderately efficient vessels, among them the exceptionally fast *Conqueror*. Supposing probably that with vessels of fleet A raiding the Irish coast, four of its belted cruisers away guarding commercial routes, the entrance to the Channel was defended by only a few ships, Admiral Baird resolved on making a dash at the Channel. With this object six of the fastest vessels of Admiral D'Arcy Irvine's fleet were despatched thither; but, through fog or some other cause, they became separated. Early in the morning of Saturday, the 17th, while Admiral Tryon's squadron was slowly cruising some twenty miles south of the Lizard, the first view of the enemy was gained, when, as depicted in our illustration, the *Conqueror* sighted the *Hero*, a second-class ironclad, the slowest of the "B" fleet destined to be engaged in action that day. The *Conqueror* and another vessel of the squadron with Admiral Tryon, the *Neptune*, with the *Rodney* and the *Howe*, gave chase, the latter two vessels outstripping their two consorts. At 8 A.M. they descried, in addition to the *Hero*, a second vessel of the enemy, the *Camperdown*, a first-class ironclad, and, a little later, on the starboard forequarter of the *Camperdown*, a third, the *Immortalité*, a first class armoured cruiser, all three heading towards Ushant. The pursuers were joined by several cruisers, but none of them except the *Warspite* seems to have remained until the end of the day's work in the action which succeeded, and during which the squadron with Admiral Tryon altered its course, and chased the one-half of the separated vessels of the squadron of the B fleet, intended for the Channel. These, Rear-Admiral D'Arcy-Irvine's flagship the *Anson*, with the *Collingwood*, first-class ironclad, and the *Australia*, first-class armoured cruiser, were thus prevented by Sir George Tryon's tactics from joining and reinforcing the other half. At 10.30, the slower-going *Hero* was lagging a mile behind the *Camperdown* and *Immortalité*. The *Rodney* and the *Warspite* having gone off in pursuit of the *Immortalité*, the *Howe* was left alone to cope with the *Hero* and the *Camperdown*, which last vessel might have escaped had its captain chosen to desert the *Hero*. Soon, however, Admiral Tracey put the *Rodney* about, and came to the assistance of the *Howe*. The description of what followed is condensed from that given by the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who was on board the *Howe*. "At 12.41 P.M. the *Camperdown*, in the most chivalrous style, came charging full at the *Howe* and *Rodney*. His men responded nobly to their commander's call, and as the *Camperdown* came bearing down within 1,000 yards of the *Howe*, every man was seen to be at his post. In one instant burst forth from both her sides a terrific volume of cloud, heralding a prolonged



THE "HOWE" REGAINING HER STATION AFTER A SLIGHT BREAKDOWN WHICH HAD CAUSED HER
TO FALL SOME MILES ASTERN

Islands and Ushant, the *Hero* and the *Camperdown* in company heading for the French coast, and firing at the *Rodney* and the *Howe*, which responded with several varieties of effective marine artillery. Called on to surrender the *Hero* did not vouchsafe a reply, while the *Camperdown* signalled "Never." But Admiral Scott, the umpire, on board the *Rodney*, signalled to the two Irish

formally rendered protest. The *Rodney* with the *Camperdown* astern, forms the subject of one of our illustrations. The *Hero* fell to the *Howe*, and the night was spent off the Lizard very jovially by the crews of the vessels victorious in the so-called battle of Ushant. After the battle, Sir George Tryon issued a memorandum in which he pointed out what, in his opinion, was the extreme importance of the course which he pursued to prevent, as already mentioned, the two divisions of the enemy's squadron from uniting. That squadron, he said, "contained ships of such power and speed that the British fleet contained no force of battleships that could capture them under the rules, provided that the enemy were united." He mentioned, at the same time, some particulars of his chase of the *Anson* and her two consorts, whom he drove from the Chops of the Channel into the Atlantic for some ninety-six miles north and west, when, it being clear that those ships of the enemy could not interfere with the operations of Rear-Admiral Tracey's division, Sir George returned with his squadron to his base. The correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Admiral Baird's flagship the *Northumberland*, blames that commander for running away from Admiral Tryon's squadron. "If," he says, "the *Anson* and her consorts, shaking off the pursuit of the slow battleships of the enemy, had gone to the assistance of the *Camperdown* and her consorts, the squadron, so combined would have been more than a match for the *Rodney*, *Howe*, *Warspite*, and *Thames*, which appear to have been all the ships engaged in the capture of the *Camperdown*, *Hero*, and *Immortalité*."

AFTER THE BATTLE

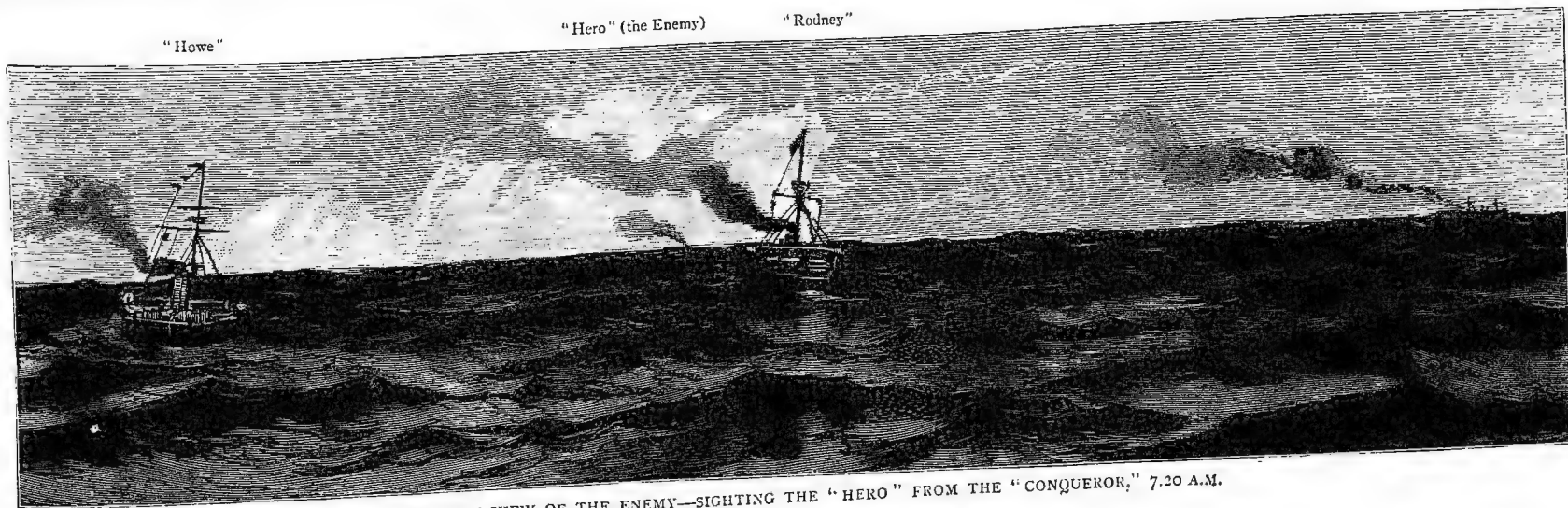
THE day after the Battle of Ushant, Sunday, August 18th, Admiral Tryon's squadron had been rejoined by Admiral Tracey's victorious division, and was at Falmouth. On the previous day, the *Anson* and the *Collingwood*, of whose subsequent doings more hereafter, arrived at Queenstown, where, on the Tuesday, they were joined by the *Northumberland*, Admiral Baird's flagship, and other ships of the "B" fleet. By Thursday the 23rd, a considerable portion of fleet "A" was seen by the *Northumberland* and three consorts, which issued from Queenstown on a reconnoitring cruise, and which returned to their protected anchorage, when it was discovered that the enemy's force was some four times stronger than their own. At Queenstown it was mistakenly believed that Admiral Tryon, himself, with the *Hercules*, was commanding the squadron which proceeded to establish a sort of blockade of Admiral Baird's head-quarters, and jocular remarks were made on the poetical justice exhibited in the spectacle—so striking a contrast, it was said, to last year's—of Sir George Tryon compelled, in his turn, to endure the discomforts of a blockade in the Atlantic, while his adversary was enjoying the comparative ease of Queenstown Harbour. All this was a fiction—not founded on fact. On the Thursday referred to, Admiral Tryon left Milford Haven and, after a cruise, reached on the succeeding Sunday, Falmouth, where he coaled. On Friday, the 23rd, a little good news reached the vessels of the "B" fleet at Berehaven. The *Arethusa*, a second-class, and the *Calypso*, a third-class cruiser, steamed into the bay which they had left on the very day of the declaration of war. One of the objects of the "B" fleet was to prey upon our commerce, and in this enterprise the two cruisers had been signally successful. On opening, five miles from land, their sealed orders, they steered for Ushant, and before they returned in triumph to Berehaven, after a week's cruise, they are said to have effected captures of merchantmen at the rate of five per day, and to the amount of about



THE "CONQUEROR" "PITCHING INTO IT"—THE TURRET AND FORECASTLE SKETCHED FROM THE SUPERSTRUCTURE

roar of lig guns, quick guns, machine guns and rifles. Before the roar had died away from the enemy's broadside, the word to fire was passed along the *Howe's* main and spar decks, and the compliment was returned with interest. The *Rodney* also quickened and intensified her fire, and the poor *Hero*, which had for nearly half an hour ploughed along, silent and subdued, broke out in awful fury at our squadron." The time-limit being up for the *Hero*, the captain of the *Howe* received permission at 12.50 to concentrate his attentions on the *Camperdown*, and then took place a running fight, which began nearly midway between the Scilly

vessels that he declared them to be out of action, and bade them cease firing. The captains of the *Camperdown* and the *Hero* replied that the time-limit had not been reached, and the necessary conditions not fulfilled. This protest was met by the umpire with the rejoinder that they were to take stations astern of Rear-Admiral Tracey's flagship, an order which they reluctantly obeyed. The Admiralty decided that the two captured vessels were not to go to strengthen Admiral Tyron's already superior fleet, but were to return to their posts, and they deferred until the cessation of hostilities, a consideration of the captain of the *Camperdown's* afterwards



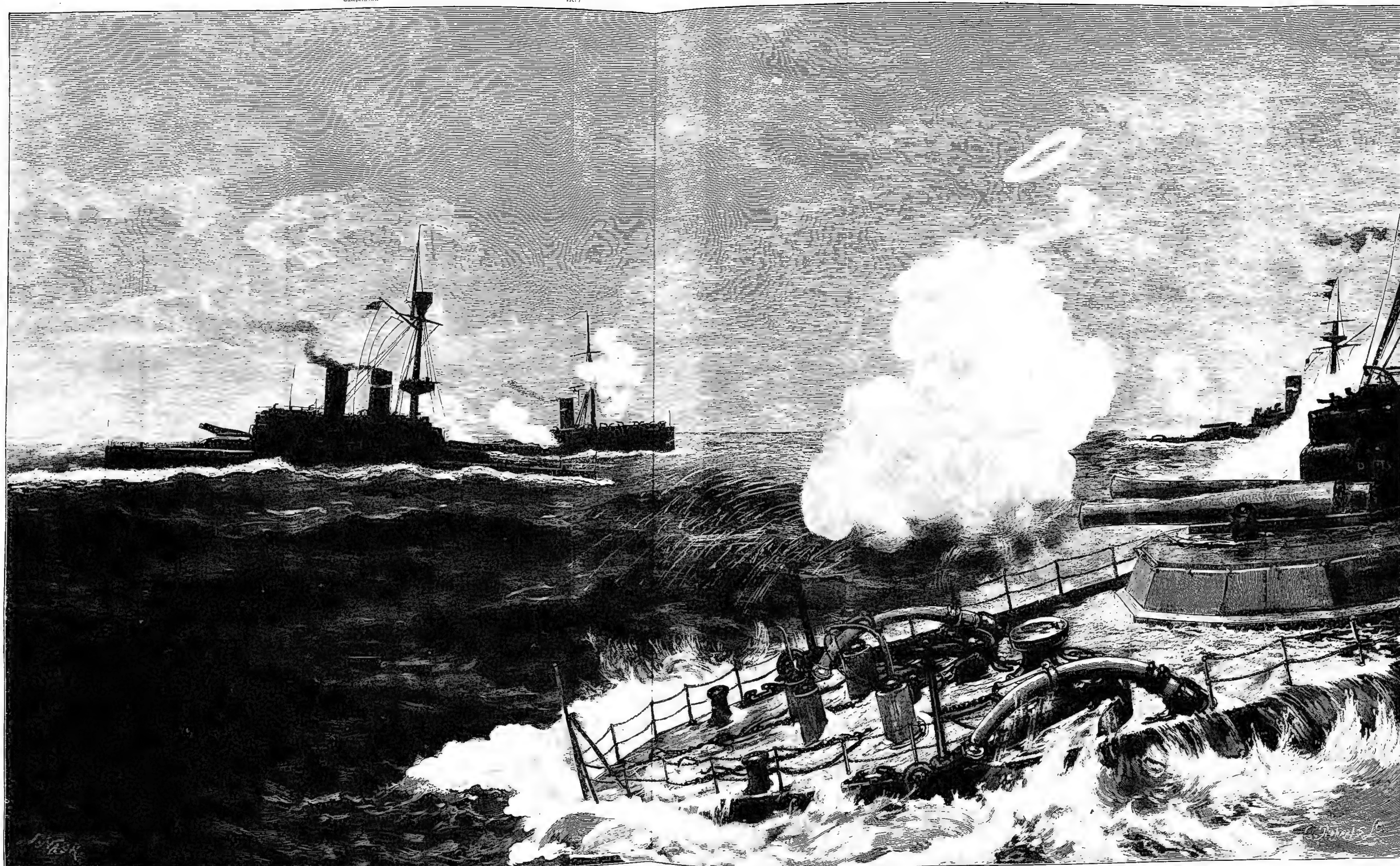
THE FIRST VIEW OF THE ENEMY—SIGHTING THE "HERO" FROM THE "CONQUEROR," 7.20 A.M.

"Camperdown"

"Hera"

"Raleigh"

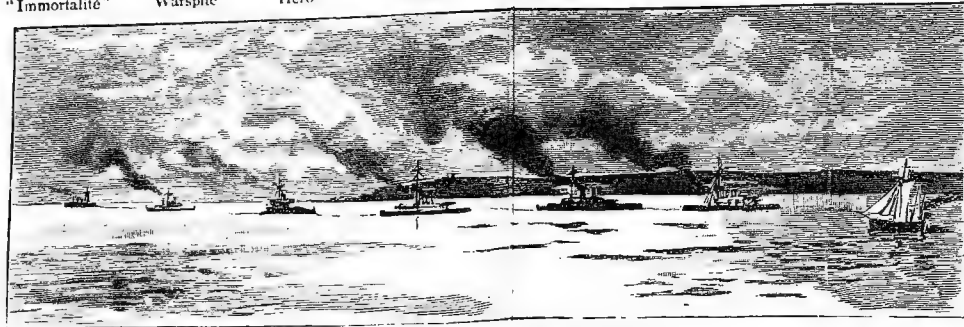
"Howe"



THE "CAMPERDOWN" (OF THE ENEMY'S FLEET) RUNNING BACK TO THE ASSISTANCE OF THE "HERA"

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES—THE ENGAGEMENT OFF USHANT

"Immortalité" "Warspite" "Hero" "Howe" "Camperdown" "Rodney" Merchant Steamer



CAPTURED SHIPS PASSING THE LIZARD

40,000 tons of British commerce, and thus to have accomplished more than all the rest of the "B" fleet together. The lesson taught by them is serious, and though not the most conspicuous, is one of the most useful results of this year's naval manœuvres. Among their captures was the *City of Bombay*, a splendid vessel, and the *Grantully Castle*, 3,250 tons, with valuable specie on board, one of Sir Donald Currie's ships, homeward bound from the Cape of Hope with mails.

THE ENEMY'S RAID ON THE SCOTTISH COAST

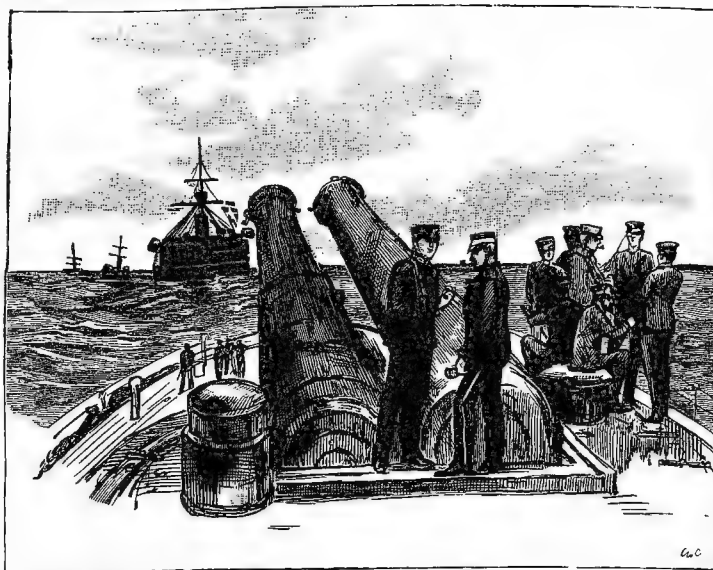
THE enemy taught us on Saturday, the 24th, and Sunday, the 25th, a still more striking lesson than that conveyed in the successes of the *Arethusa* and the *Calypso*. Failing to reach the Channel, Admiral Baird resolved on attempting, in return for the doings of the "A" fleet on the Irish coast, a raid on the East Coast of Scotland, and on Leith, the head-quarters of the "G" squadron of the "A" fleet. The *Anson* and the *Collingwood*, the arrival of which at Queenstown has been already mentioned, were despatched on a cruise with that object. Aberdeen was defended by vessels of the "G" squadron, the *Active*, a second-class cruiser, and two gunboats, the *Pigmy* and *Watchful*. They had been cruising for nearly a week off the North-East coast of Scotland, paying particular attention to Aberdeen and Peterhead, and the arrangements at the coast-signalling stations were regarded as so elaborate that a surprise by the enemy was considered impossible. Nevertheless, Admiral D'Arcy Irvine's *Anson* swooped down from the open sea on Aberdeen, unseen by the defending vessels, and almost before the shore defenders in the forts knew of her presence. A gig sent from the *Anson*, flying a flag of truce, and manned by marines as well as by blue-jackets, made for the harbour, and pushed on without replying to the challenge of the Volunteers, who rushed down from the fort to the breakwater, even then uncertain whether the new comers' intentions were wicked or charitable. These were soon known, a Lieutenant of marines with his men taking possession of the drill-ship and post-office, after which he delivered at the residence of the Lord Provost a notification from Admiral D'Arcy Irvine that the city was in his hands, and that if an indemnity of half a million sterling was not paid by eleven o'clock, it would be laid in ruins. Aberdonians are proverbially cautious, and the Lord Provost, instead of assenting to this large demand, convoked a meeting of the Naval, Military, and Civic authorities, who refused the ransom on the plea, which the umpires will perhaps consider, that the city had not been captured according to the rules of war, since the truce-flag not having answered the challenge of the Volunteers, would in actual warfare have been fired upon, and probably sunk. The beach battery was forthwith manned by Volunteers, and the day which had begun with a lesson to the defenders, did not pass without one being received by the assailants. Each of the land batteries fired a couple of shots at the foe, who, to the general surprise, received this defiance with perfect quiescence. The fact was that the electric gear controlling the firing of the *Anson's* big guns having got out of order, they could not be discharged, while the smaller ordnance was unequal to the task of silencing the batteries. With the expiration of the eight hours prescribed by the rules, during which the *Anson* had remained in port, without allowing the approach of a force sufficient to overpower it, the Irish Admiral sailed away. Meanwhile the *Collingwood* had similarly raided Peterhead, where the demand, accompanied by the usual threat of an indemnity of 150,000*l.*, was met by a *non possumus* from the magistrates, who, however, promised to do something subsequently to meet it. The *Collingwood* sailed away to join the *Anson*, and on Sunday last—of all days in the week for Sabbath-keeping Scotchmen to have to exert themselves in a secular cause—the two vessels entered the Frith of Forth. News of their advent had been telegraphed; but all the resistance offered was to draw up in a long thin line of more than a mile in extent 420 men of the Cameron Highlanders, who stretched as far westward as Leith, the port of Edinburgh, by way of preventing the enemy's small boats from land-

ing. The instructions given were that the *Anson* and the *Collingwood* should retire if a single gun were fired. But the enemy entered the Frith unchallenged by the batteries on Inchkeith and on the coast of Fife and the Lothians. A letter, couched in the usual menacing terms, was sent by Admiral D'Arcy Irvine, demanding from Leith a ransom of 150,000*l.*, and from Edinburgh one of a million and a half sterling. Without waiting for replies, the *Anson* and the *Collingwood* left the Frith, apparently without having seen anything of the "G" squadron of the "A" fleet.

THE "REPULSE" AT WICK—CONCLUSION

ANOTHER raid on a port of North Eastern Scotland was attempted on Monday this week, but the attacking vessels of the "B" fleet, the *Inflexible*, first-class battle-ship, and the *Australia*, first-class armoured cruiser, had not the success achieved by the *Anson* and the *Collingwood* at Aberdeen, Peterhead, and Leith.

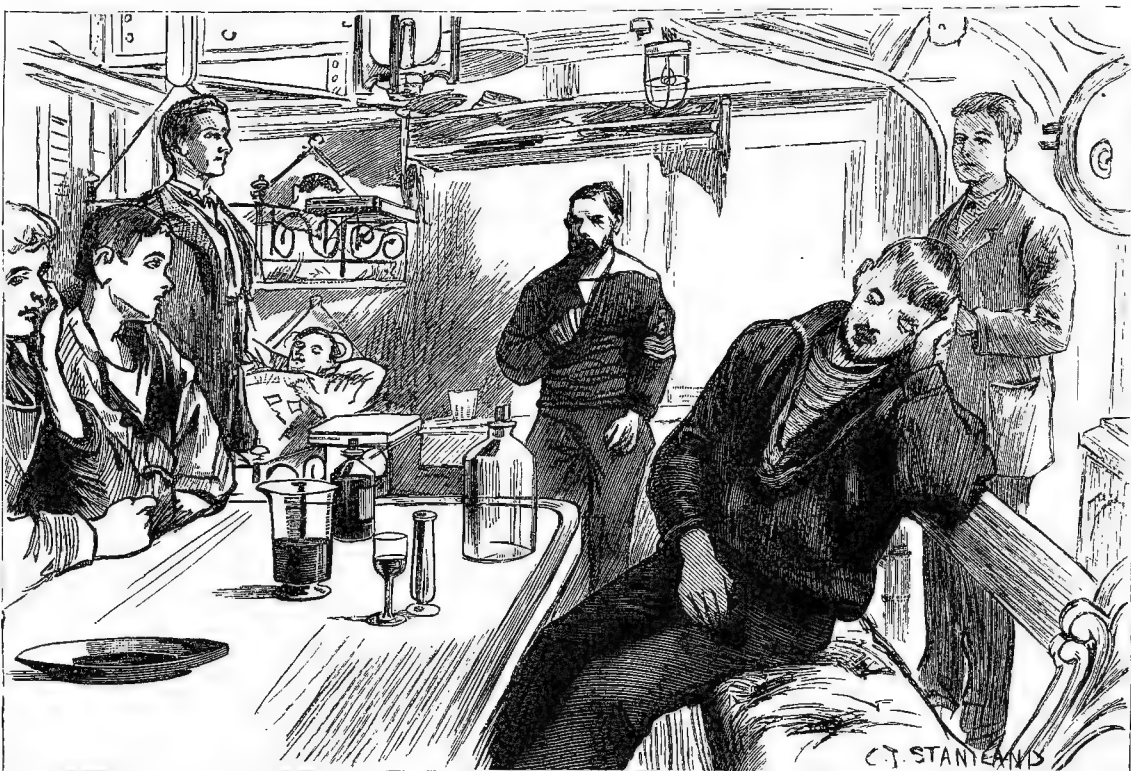
"Howe," "Hero" and "Camperdown" (Prizes)



AFTER THE ACTION—PRIZES ASTERN—A SMOKE ON THE AFTER BARBETTE OF THE "RODNEY"

A hot engagement was maintained for about an hour, the rocks on both sides of the Bay being lined with carbines and rifles, keeping up a rapid fire, and supposed to pick off the men exposed on the rigging and gun-embrasures. The *Inflexible* finding herself repulsed, fired a parting shot, and steamed off without molestation to the northern capital of the herring fisher and its sturdy sons.

On the same day Sir George Tryon and his squadron were in the Chops of the Channel, cruising to and fro to protect our com-



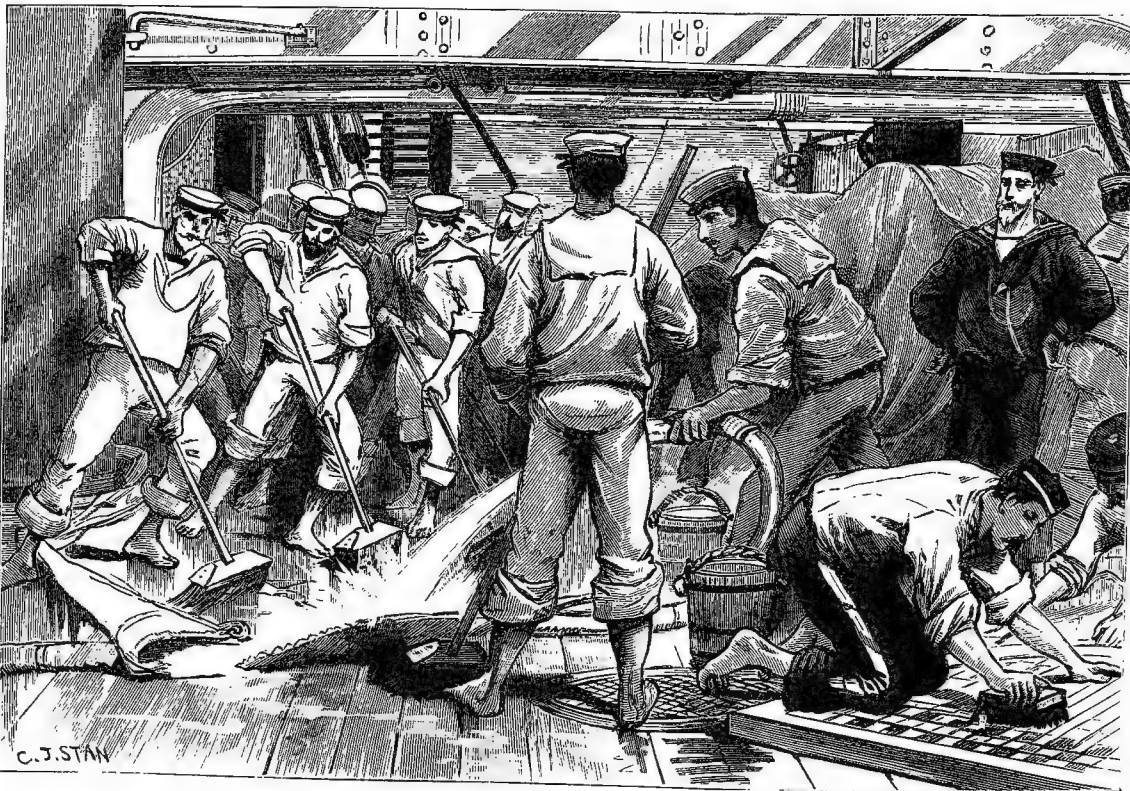
SICK BAY ON BOARD H.M.S. "CONQUEROR"

The advance of the raiding ships had been duly signalled, and the Wick Artillery and Rifle Volunteers with a force of the Naval Reserve at once prepared to give them a warm reception. Two batteries commanding the entrance to Wick Bay were promptly manned, and when the *Inflexible*, which alone put in an appearance, hove in sight, they opened on her a fire which was soon returned.

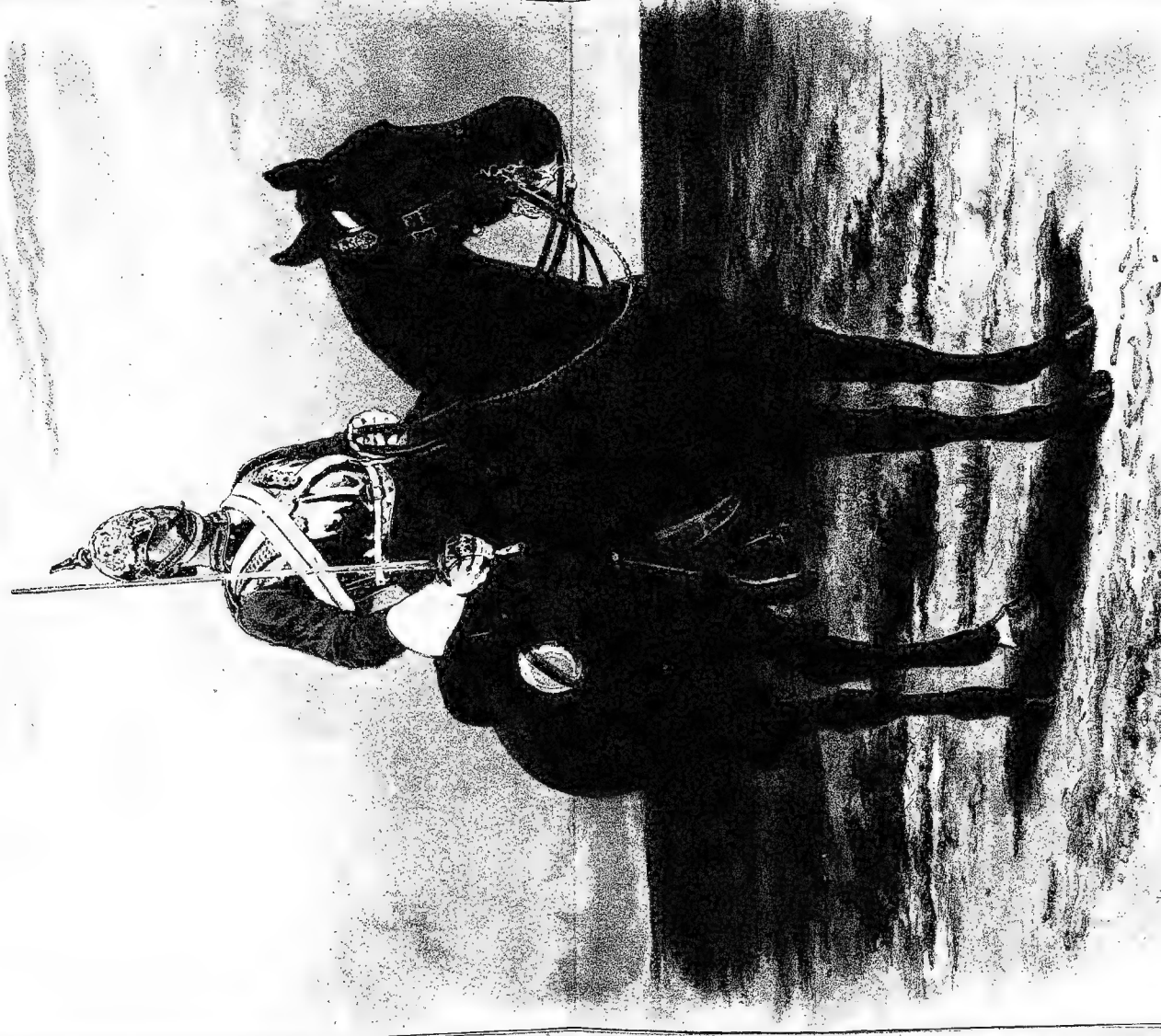
merce, with which the *Arethusa*, worthy of her "saucy" namesake of yore, had made sad havoc. On Monday night, the vessels blockading Queenstown had disappeared, and, taking advantage of their absence, the *Northumberland*, *Monarch*, *Iron Duke*, of the B fleet, sailed out. At the time of our going to press their destination was unknown.



COALING VESSELS OF "A" DIVISION BY ELECTRIC LIGHT AT FALMOUTH



SCRUBBING SHIP AFTER COALING



TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY

X.—FIRST LIFE GUARDS.

THE Princes of the House of Bourbon appear to have been the first European Sovereigns who maintained regular establishments of household troops—that is to say, corps of picked men to whom the safety of the Royal person and the military duties connected with Court and Palace were specially entrusted.

The *Gardes du Corps* of the Bourbons were renowned for the splendour of their uniforms and appointments, the physique and efficiency of the men, and the excellence of their horses. They were composed of the flower of the French aristocracy; their commander was invariably a Prince of the blood; their officers were all of noble birth; and they never took the field unless the King commanded in person.

When, in the year 1660, Charles II. was restored to the Throne of England, he determined to establish a body-guard on the model



A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN OF THE LIFE GUARDS, 1660

of the famous French *Gardes du Corps*; accordingly, before leaving Holland, he selected eighty gentlemen—Cavaliers who, having sacrificed everything in his cause, had followed him into exile—and formed them into "His Majesty's Own Troop of Guards," under command of Lord Gerard.

From this troop are descended Her Majesty's 1st and 2nd Regiments of Life Guards.

Within a month of its formation Lord Gerard's troop swelled into a regiment some 600 sabres strong; and when King Charles made his triumphal entry into London, his Life Guards headed the procession.

In 1661, the Life Guards were divided into three distinct troops—1st, "His Majesty's Own"; 2nd, "The Duke of York's"; 3rd, "The Duke of Albemarle's"—although considered but one regiment. In 1670, the title of the 3rd troop appears to have been changed to "The Queen's Troop of Guards."

The "Private Gentlemen" of King Charles' Guards wore scarlet coats, ornamented with gold lace, the sleeves wide with a slash in front, and lace put on lengthways from shoulder to wrist. They had cuirasses and iron caps, or "pots," the latter being worn



A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN OF THE LIFE GUARDS IN 1763

under broad-brimmed, heavily-plumed hats. Their buff boots reached to the middle of their thighs. The arms—offensive and defensive—carried by these lordly guardsmen are described in the following extract from the "Regulations" of Charles II., dated May 5th, 1663:—

"Each Horseman to have for his defensive armes, back, breast, and pot; and for his offensive armes, a sword, and a case of pistols, the barrells whereof are not to be under fourteen inches in length; and each Trooper of Our Guards to have a carbine, besides the afore-said armes."

The three troops were distinguished by the carbine belts worn over the left shoulder: the 1st wearing blue velvet and gold lace; the 2nd, yellow and silver; the 3rd, green and gold. Cuirasses were discarded in 1698.

In 1678, a division of Horse Grenadiers was added to each troop, armed with fusils and bayonets, axes and hand-grenades. "About this time," writes Major Lawrence Archer, "rifled carbines were issued to each troop—the first instance of rifled weapons being used in the British Army." * Several changes occurred in the organisation of the corps of Life Guards from time to time; and, at the suppression of the Rebellion of 1745, it was reduced to two troops.

The war services of the Life Guards, from their formation in 1660 to the reduction of the 3rd and 4th troops in 1745, may be briefly stated as follows:—

1672; a detachment was sent to Flanders under the Duke of Monmouth, and was present at the siege of Maëstricht—when the gallantry of the corps was witnessed with emotion by the "Grand Monarch" himself; 1685, Battle of Sedgemoor; 1689, Battle of the Boyne; 1692, Steenkirk; 1693, Neer Landen; 1694, Walcourt; and the siege of Namur, 1742-3. In 1742, two troops of Life Guards accompanied George II. to Flanders. At Dettingen, 1743, Guards accompanied George II. to Flanders. At Dettingen, 1743, Guards accompanied George II. to Flanders. At Dettingen, 1743, Guards accompanied George II. to Flanders.

In the year 1788, King George III. ordered his Life Guards to be formed into two distinct corps, under the titles of the 1st and 2nd Regiments of Life Guards. The pay and privileges of the troopers were abridged, and they were enlisted as for the rest of the Service. A few of the "Private Gentlemen" elected to continue their service under the new regulations, others accepted commissions in the Line, but the majority appear to have retired on pensions. The officers were nearly all transferred to the new corps.

* The "British Army," its Records, Badges, Services, &c.

The Colonelcy of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards was bestowed on the Marquis of Lothian, K.T., his commission being dated June 25th, 1788. He only had the regiment a few months, and was succeeded (March, 1789) by Joseph, Lord Dover, K.B., who, in his turn, gave place to Charles, Earl of Harrington (December 5th 1792), formerly Colonel of the 29th Foot.

The uniform at this period consisted of long scarlet coats, face l and lapelled with blue, and laced—across the breast, and on the collars, cuffs, and skirts—with gold; cocked hats and white plumes; and leathern breeches and jack boots. In 1812 this dress was discontinued, and the uniform changed to brass helmets with black horse-hair plumes and short coats, with lace on collar, cuffs, and skirts only. Jack boots and breeches were still retained in full dress, but for ordinary duties blue-grey pantaloons, with scarlet seams, and short boots were worn. The long muskets with bayonets and the heavy horse-pistols hitherto used were abolished, and carbines and lighter pistols issued in their stead. Towards the end of 1814 the black horse-hair plumes in helmets were replaced by blue and red woollen crests, and a scarlet-and-white plume on the left side of the helmet.

The present steel helmet, with white horse-hair plume and brass mountings, was adopted in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign. In 1821, the cuirass was again issued, and has been worn ever since.

In 1812 two squadrons of the 1st and two of the 2nd Life Guards were sent to Portugal to join the army under Lord Wellington. These squadrons took part in the Battle of Vittoria, where they charged the retreating French.

The year 1815 saw the Household Cavalry once more in



OFFICER FIRST LIFE GUARDS, 1798

Flanders. At Quatre Bras and Waterloo the Heavy Cavalry Brigade of the Duke's Army was composed of the First and Second Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and the First Dragoon Guards, under Lord Edward Somerset.

How gallantly the Guardsmen bore themselves on the "glorious 18th June," and how, by "sheer weight of man and horse," they fairly rode over the French Cuirassiers, is a matter of history.

After Waterloo, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent assumed the Colonelcy-in-Chief of the Life Guards as a token of his appreciation of their bravery on that hardly-won field.

From 1815 until 1882 the Life Guards were on home service, and so had no opportunity of gathering fresh laurels; but in the latter year contingents of both regiments, and of the "Blues," were sent out to Egypt. They fought right well at Kassassin, and also at Tel-el-Kebir. Detachments of the Household Cavalry also served with the Camel Corps in the Soudan.

The regimental badge of the Life Guards is the Royal Arms. They have two Standards; one displaying the Royal Arms and Cypher, with the honours of the regiment below; the second, embroidered with the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, crowned, and the "Crown and Cypher."

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is the present Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st Life Guards; and H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar the Colonel.

J. PERCY GROVES,
"Reserve of Officers,"
late 27th Inniskillings.

THE WOMAN TROOPER OF THE SCOTS' GREYS.—In our issue of July 6th, we published an illustrated article on the Scots' Greys. We now append a portrait of Mrs. "Christian" Davies, the woman-trooper, who enlisted in the Scots' Greys in 1702, and was wounded at the Battle of Ramillies, when her sex was discovered.



Mrs. Davies died on July 7th, 1739, and was buried with military honours in the ground belonging to Chelsea Hospital.—The above sketch, by Miss Smith-Ainsley, is taken from "Remarkable Portraits," published by Reeves and Turner.



MR. C. L. PIRKIS, some of whose former novels are favourably known, has in "At the Moment of Victory" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), written a story which has, at any rate, the merit of being unexpected enough to excite curiosity and maintain attention. It is absolutely impossible; but this we hold to be no demerit, so long as the story-teller is the master, and not the servant, of his impossibilities; and there is no fault to find with Mr. Pirkis on this score, any more than with anybody else who deliberately sets himself to write melodrama. The characters are conceived from the same point of view, and belong to the world of slouched hats and dark lanterns rather than to that of actual men and women; but are thus the better qualified for the parts respectively assigned them. Even in this matter, however, an exception must be made in favour of Sir Peter, an exceedingly human specimen of fuss and muddle, who supplies the melodrama with the needful—but, off the stage, too often forgotten—dose of comedy, which in the present case, we imagine, will be generally considered its best portion. The drift of the novel seems to illustrate a text from an essay on "Star-gazing," that if any one bent on reading the decrees of fate in the stars should endeavour first to read the big word Eternity inscribed across the heavens on a scroll, he would find the characters too small for his eyesight: and what in the world this means Mr. Pirkis probably thinks he knows. But, however futile astrology may be, it is much too difficult to obtain a dangerous number of adepts in days when people like their soothsaying made easy; and, after all, no affectation of a purpose is needed for this clumsily-constructed but not the less interesting and effective romance of passion run wild.

The name of Frances Anne Kemble, though not hitherto generally associated with fiction, should be some guarantee for at any rate the literary quality of a novel; and in "Far Away and Long Ago" (1 vol.: Bentley and Son) the guarantee is more than merely satisfied. The characters in this romance of old New England are conceived and portrayed with real power; and though, no doubt, the authoress has had the advantage of any number of previous studies of the life she has depicted, she has put into her work a dramatic imagination of her own, which has given to familiar materials a freshness we should scarcely have supposed possible. The novel is by no means a model of good construction; the Reverend Caleb Killigrew is too important a person and too elaborately developed to be dropped without having had any influence upon the story. The whole narrative, however, despite its romantic character, is so essentially life-like that the authoress might possibly plead that, in real life, strongly-marked characters often enter into stories which they do not influence; and her work is so good on all other grounds that we are not disposed to take any single exception.

Tales of the Early Christians are apt to be a good deal of the same pattern; and, so far as the story of "To the Lions" (1 vol.: Seeley and Co.) is concerned, Professor Church has been content to travel, in the main, upon the established lines. Indeed, the title almost tells the story beforehand. It is in the main an account of the persecution of the Church in Bithynia under Pliny the Younger; and its particular value is the care which has been successfully taken with the archæology of the subject. Professor Church, after the manner of the day, over-modernises the sentiments and motives of his characters, merging the very essential differences of local and periodic circumstance too completely in the human nature which underlies all circumstance; but the tendency is in the right direction, and, for the sake of the additional interest it supplies for ordinary readers, one may be more than contented. On an important point of accuracy, on which the conduct of the story largely depends, we of course hesitate to differ from Professor Church; but it is certainly the common opinion that simply to name a slave "son" or "daughter" in the presence of a magistrate was equivalent to emancipation, though not to adoption; a point of law which so able an advocate as Clitus should surely have taken.

Under the title of "With Everything Against Her" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), Colonel Cuthbert Larking has told the story of a prime favourite of fortune in the person of an exceedingly pretty and virtuous young woman. Nothing seems capable of going wrong with her. Deserted, in her babyhood, by a crazy father, she at once finds an adoptive mother; when she risks her reputation by turning burlesque actress, she finds a noble-minded manager, who offers her marriage to save her from the perils of her career; when he dies of typhoid, and her adoptive mother of suicide, the hero instantly comes to the rescue—a splendid captain of cavalry, who clandestinely marries her, with the sympathy of all his relations and friends, except his unforgiving father; when he is supposed to have perished in the Soudan, she is left surrounded with devoted love and friendship; and when he turns up again, in the regular course of things, she, in the most extraordinary manner, relieved him from the slight stigma of having committed *mésalliance* by turning out to be the head of his own family. It is pleasant to see virtue so consistently safeguarded and triumphant, even when the story is told in an innocent, school-girl style, not easy, apart from experience, to reconcile with military authorship.

"Audrey Ferris," by Frances A. Gerard (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), is a quiet, unnecessarily-sad little story, with a religious motive of a decidedly feeble nature. It opens much more promisingly than it proceeds; one fancies that the authoress has been studying in the school of Miss Austen, which never yet led its disciples astray. But a fatal backbonelessness makes itself felt more and more until the promise becomes forgotten. Nor is there much to be said in favour of the moral, despite the excellence of its intentions. A hero who ceases to be an Atheist for less reason than he had become one, and a heroine whose faith is no stronger than to enable her to sit down and die when her lover needs all her help, are not likely to prove of any spiritual value—rather the other way.

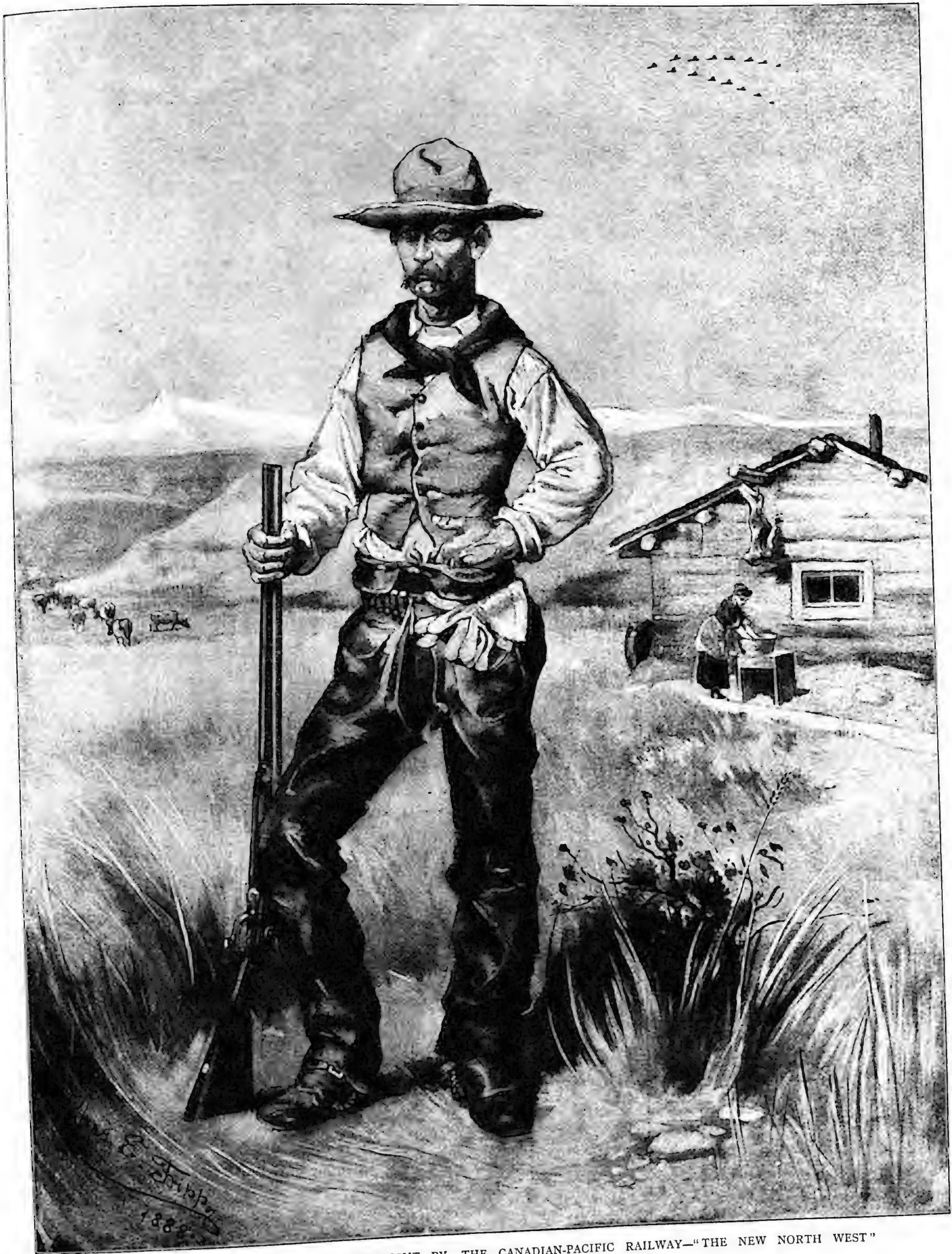
A NOVEL KIND OF UMBRELLA has been invented in New York. Any one carrying an open umbrella somewhat low on a gusty day is likely to collide with the passers-by, not being able to see where he is going. So a tiny oval glass is fitted between two of the ribs, forming a miniature window, by which the owner can steer his course safely.

A GHOSTLY ALLIGATOR causes great alarm round Yazoo City near St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A. The reptile is pure white, so no negro will attempt to destroy it, considering that such a phenomenon must be an evil spirit in alligator-form, which would revenge itself on any rash darkie attacking it. So the alligator carries off any cattle within its reach, unmolested by man.

SEASIDE AND LAKE PARTIES are much favoured by fashionable French people this year, as the usual shooting-parties at their country houses would clash with the elections. Accordingly host and hostess take a villa at some Norman watering-place or on a Swiss lake, and invite their friends in weekly batches. The invitation card signifies the date and hour of arrival and departure, so as not to interfere with other guests, and a tiny map showing the quickest route is generally printed on the back.



ACROSS THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT BY THE CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY—"THE DYING NORTH WEST"
 DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



ACROSS THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT BY THE CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY—"THE NEW NORTH WEST"
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP

BIRDS OF SPORT—THE PARTRIDGE

THE Partridge is a most prolific breeder, and, being provided with a much wider range of ground than the Grouse, it yields more sport than almost any other bird, and like the Pheasant can be shot at much less cost than the bird of the heather. The land which affords breeding and feeding room to the partridge being mostly in cultivation, the bird, in a sense, is "got in the bargain." I have never myself seen a nest containing more than fifteen eggs, or a covey of partridges that numbered more than thirteen birds, but keepers have told me of nests seen by them that were "plenished" with as many as eighteen eggs, and of coveys in keeping with that number. Numerous stories have even gone the round of coveys of young partridges being counted the birds of which added up to as many as a couple of dozens; but in such cases—and it is not at all a rare occurrence—there may in all probability have been two hens engaged in producing the number—because it is hardly possible that so small a bird could cover the number of eggs implied in such a populous covey, seeing that, generally speaking, the eggs sat upon are rarely all hatched. It is a curious circumstance that nests of this bird are frequently constructed in what may be termed most "exposed situations," by the side of a footpath for instance, on which day by day a hundred or more persons will pass and re-pass, but the nest is so deftly made and arranged, is so in keeping with its surroundings, that, even when the bird is sitting on its eggs, almost no person will see it.

In the beginning of May, in a partridge-bearing district, hundreds of nests will be seen by those who have acquired the art of finding them. The laying-place of the partridge has been described as "no nest at all," being only a few rough twigs and bits of faded vegetation. The females far outnumber the males, which leads to repeated fights among the latter—and sportsmen, knowing this, should endeavour, when it is possible, to pot as many of the old hens as they can; some keepers say they can easily distinguish the sexes. In the battles which take place, one or two of the combatants have been so maimed in the struggle as to die of their wounds. The mother bird sits on her eggs with a devotion that nothing can disturb—rather than move, she submits to be killed by the squire of the mow or the knives of the reaping machine. The partridge (both sexes) is a bird of resources, it has been known on occasion of a heavy rainfall to remove its eggs to higher ground in a wonderfully short space of time, and the cock is equal to deceiving vermin and attracting them away from the young birds; these gain strength with great rapidity, and in a day's time after bursting the walls of their fragile prison are able to search for food, instructed by their mother. Mother and chicks keep together and are known as "a covey," and instead of harming crops and doing ill to the farmer, the partridge, like the pheasant, is one of his best friends, devoting in the course of the season a positively enormous number of insects, as also vast quantities of larvae; the grub of the turnip saw-fly forms a favourite food of this bird, and of banqueting on caterpillars it never tires.

No pretence shall be made in this paper to teach the art of partridge-shooting: that is a sport which all men take to quite naturally. The squire's boys are "at it" almost before they have strength to carry their guns. "As the old cocks crow the young ones learn," and the lads follow in the footsteps of their fathers with avidity. Grouse-shooters have been known to sneer at the men who tramp the turnip-fields and at their work; but good judges know that to fill a bag on the stubbles, and on the new and old grass pasture, and among these same turnips, requires not a little "doing." Some, however, are such adepts at the business that the longest September day never sees them tired. These, of course, are men who are "native, and to the manner born," who know "instinctively," like their dogs, where to find their quarry at all hours of the day.

"Now, sir," said a fine old country gentleman to a young Oxford friend of his son's, "don't be too proud to take a word from me. Nowadays men do not shoot by rule, as they did when I was a young man; and all I ask of you is to follow up your birds and exhaust the covey. Some fellows—confound them—are such epicures, they pick out a couple from one lot, and then pass on to the next covey and repeat the operation. Now that is not fair. Shoot clean, lad, and get all the birds in one field before you enter another."

In many places of England—in the Eastern Counties particularly—partridges, as a rule, abound, and an amplitude of sport is often obtained, plethoric bags being got. Some enormous records, indeed, have been made in some years on the partridge grounds, tens of thousands of the birds being shot every season, many of which find their way to the markets. The number of these, or the number of any of our other birds of sport, which annually become food for powder is not, however, known with any degree of accuracy. It has to be guessed by those economists who delight in dissecting such features of the national commissariat; one very feasible estimate places the consumption of partridges throughout the United Kingdom at about 400,000 single birds, and these calculated at the rate of two shillings each will cost consumers not less than 40,000*l*.

Professional poachers have of late years fallen upon the partridge with avidity, and are known during the season to help themselves nightly to hundreds of the best birds. Sweeping the fields with long nets, they bag covey after covey with the dexterity gained by constant practice, and with little noise. Their work of bag-filling accomplished, a smart trotting horse in the shafts of a dog-cart bears the gang and their spoils to some well-known receiving house, where the birds are concealed till a fitting opportunity occurs for their transference to London or some of the larger populous towns.

Partridges have been chosen as being profitable spoil by poachers because of the comparative ease with which a capture can be made of a considerable number at one time; a sweep of the net over a good field has been known to result in a harvest of many birds. It came out a few years ago, in the course of an inquiry into a poaching affray, that in the course of one season as many as nineteen hundred of these fine birds had been lifted from the partridge preserves of a limited area. Hares used to be, and still are, the favourite animals of poachers. A good hare is worth half-a-crown, which, when a dozen or two could be snared in a week, "meant money;" but fur has become scarce, and the partridges being easy of capture, their breeding and feeding-places, moreover, being well marked, "us likes them," as one of a gang of poachers said in presence of the writer.

In Scotland on many estates the partridge was a few years ago nearly extinct, chiefly because of the activity of the poaching fraternity, more especially in the vicinity of coal and iron mines, the miners being largely addicted to the illicit pursuit of game. By means of what in a sense may be termed artificial aid—in other words, the hatching of the eggs of the partridge by barn-door fowls—the supply is in course of being augmented in the same way as on many English estates, so that in the course of a few years additional numbers may in consequence be looked for. As is well known, partridge shooting does not begin till September 1st, but in some years, more especially in Scotland, where harvest is often late, very little sport is obtained till the middle of that month has arrived, and if the date of beginning sport were altered to the 15th, sportsmen as a body would be rather pleased than annoyed, as they would also be if the opening of the black-game season were delayed to September 1st, and the shooting of pheasants was to be postponed till October 15th in place of the 1st, and the birds would all be better able to show fight. This delay would please "the trappers," who think there is no better sport than to bring down the individual bird, and who have never looked with favour on the "dreadful drives" of modern times.

The partridge is *par excellence* the Englishman's bird of sport, and if, as a nation, we ever set up a sacred bird after the fashion of some more ancient peoples, it will undoubtedly be the bird of the stubbles; and there is reason in the choice—the partridge is alike a favourite with those who shoot it and those who eat it, and in the latter category may be placed the people of a country who are fond of toothsome food—the French. Does not the partridge supply their national dish—*Perdreux aux choux*? As most readers of *The Graphic* doubtless know, this is a succulent stew of partridges accomplished on a bed of cabbage, aided by gravy distilled from fresh pork and sausages. Cooks in Paris and other places of France lavish much attention on the preparation of this compound, and take pains to elaborate the dish in making it ready for table presentation. As a well-known Scottish sportsman of the olden time is reported to have said on the occasion of one of the Abbotsford Hunt entertainments, "Maun, Sir Walter, you've given us a grand dinner, the hare was evidently created to be made into soup and the 'patrick' (partridge) to be cooked in a stewpan." The Scotch are indebted to the French for several of the best dishes of their *cuisine*, and Scottish epicures prefer the savoury stew of partridge to the bird when roasted for table use. The English breed of these feathered favourites is preferred by cooks to the red-legged variety furnished by *La Belle France*, but both, when well handled by a competent cook, are exceedingly good for food, and one of the best ways of sending these birds to the dining-room is to "bake them in a pie"—a partridge pie is at all times excellent, whether it be eaten hot or cold.

ELLANGOWAN



ALTHOUGH autumn is here, and we must expect chilly mornings and evenings, the midday is often quite hot and summerlike, in fact this month is one of the most pleasant of the year. It is well to take three or four cool light costumes with us to the seaside or lake side, when we are likely to remain stationary, but when travelling from place to place, at home or abroad, woollen fabrics should invariably be worn. We applied for patterns to a well-known firm, and were told that the veritable autumn materials were not yet out, so we must wait for them until next month.

In compliment to the young Royal Duchess, tartans will be much worn this autumn, more especially the Macduff, which is a very showy pattern; the predominating colour is red, toned down with green, dark blue, and black; it should be sparingly used as a trimming for quiet backgrounds, beige colour, silver grey, cream or black, alpaca, tussore silk, foulard or cashmere.

A pretty skirt is made with groups of accordion pleats separated by bands of plaid velvet, about three inches wide, put on lengthways at intervals of half a yard; a shaped plastron, from the throat to the hem, collar, cuffs, and revers to the jacket of velvet, wide sash of plaid ribbon, the ends trimmed with chenille ball fringe.

Plaid ribbon sashes will be much worn this season with muslin dresses. Our boys will adopt the Highland costumes, especially for the winter festivities. Nothing is prettier than the kilt and trappings for a well-built English lad.

The pretty folded under-bodices, which were so much worn this summer, will be replaced by trim waistcoats for outdoor wear, as unless the material used is of very soft silk or muslin it does not fit close. The same may be said of stiff linen shirts, which are made strictly after the masculine type, and nine times out of ten do not set properly unless the wearer is very slim and upright; in that case they look very stylish with a dark blue, green, or black serge jacket braided or edged with gold cord; with this manly style of attire a sailor hat must be worn, simply trimmed with a ribbon band and a few loops of ribbon.

Amongst numerous useful costumes prepared for country and seaside wear was a blue-grey serge made with a short round skirt; above the hem were several rows of narrow white woollen braid; the bodice was made *en blouse* with wide revers coming down to the waist, opening over a plastron to match, the skirt trimming as did the cuffs, blue straw sailor hat with white watered ribbon bows.

A second costume was of dark green angola, with a folded under-bodice, sash, and narrow panels, of white silk; white drawn silk shady hat with large poppies.

A third costume was of the new bulrush colour cloth, trimmed with shot velvet. By the way, shot silk, velvet, and alpaca are very fashionable again; for day wear brown and gold, or dark green and gold, are the favourite mixtures; whilst for evening the delicate opal tints of pink, blue and white, are very effective in satin or silk velvet, with *tulle* or *crêpe de chiffon*.

A pleasing visiting toilette came recently from Paris; it was of blotting-colour cashmere, the skirt plain in the front, draped on the hips, and fully gathered at the back; the bodice, which was gathered and sewn into the skirt, was open in the front, and gathered at the shoulders and the waist; plastron of white rich silk embroidered in tiny red roses and butterflies; cuffs and collar to match. Bonnet of fawn-coloured crinoline, with a bow of rose pink velvet, and a trailing spray of roses.

A stylish costume was made of dark green velveteen and cashmere of a lighter shade, the petticoat of the cashmere made with accordion pleats; upper skirt of velvet drawn well back from the front bodice, with a habit basque, open from the shoulder pleat to display a finely-pleated cashmere plastron, fastened at the waist with three fancy buttons.

Serge, cloth, or flannel costumes for yachting and seaside wear look well in cream-white and dark blue, a yoke of the cream on which is embroidered an anchor on the left side; round skirt on which is a border of the white flannel, fancifully embroidered in blue; ingrained cotton; blue straw hat with white watered ribbon bows. The same style may be repeated in dark red and white, embroidered in pink and red shells.

A light, and at the same time solid, material for seaside wear is bunting in dark blue or red; it should be trimmed with Russian embroidery. It is well to be provided with a warm skirt, say, of navy blue or brown unshrinkable serge, made rather shorter than for ordinary wear, lined some six inches up with leather—thus prepared, rain and storm may be defied. With this skirt may be worn a Jersey bodice or a white drill or flannel shirt, when the weather is warm, fastened with a fancy leather band and buckle; on a chilly day, a stylish and comfortable wrap is the coaching-cape, which is made in cloth, with pinked-out edges, as a rule, but sometimes in velvet, plain or handsomely braided. These capes are from three to five in number, according to the height of the wearer; they should not reach below the elbow, or they look dowdy.

A word of advice to those of our readers who are about to visit the Paris Exhibition. Do not attempt to wear all-white costumes, or even large white hats, unless you would wish to be pointed out as "Voilà une Anglaise." A young friend of ours, who was at a very fashionable school in the centre of Paris, was much surprised to see the white costumes so universal in England. Dark maroon, sage-green, and every shade of brown, from fawn to ripe chestnut, are worn, often with a spot or double ring in dull gold colour. Of

course, this rule does not apply to the fashionable watering-places in France, for there the most festive attire is donned; and as to the hats, they are fearfully and wonderfully made. For example: the harvest hat, which has a very wide brim, projecting at least half a yard beyond the brow, made with a raised crown of maize-coloured areophane, arranged in pleatings to suggest a wisp of hay, a wreath of wheat, and cherries; round the brim an edging of straw lace.

The back view of a "double-crowned bonnet," as given by a fashionable contemporary, is really very funny. It is made of copper-colour crinoline bordered with an edging of fancy straw, and encircled round the two crowns with a wreath of small daisies, cluster of ostrich tips falling over the projecting brim, which is lined with fluted gauze.

Two very dainty bonnets came recently from Paris: one was of open-worked maize-coloured straw, trimmed with torsades of tulle and silk to match, they formed a large puff in the front, and were carried round the crown, velvet strings. The other was a capote in black crinoline with an open-worked edge. On the left side was a bouquet of roses and foliage; at the back was a green velvet bow, strings to match.

Where flowers are plentiful dainty bonnets are made from natural blossoms nestling among green leaves, or without foliage. If carefully chosen, and not too full blown, they will last well through a short summer day.

The Alsatian bow bonnets have had their day: they are so easily made from inexpensive materials that they have been worn by all sorts and conditions of women, and are now quite *démodé*. The latest novelty for bonnet trimming is jet in the form of stars, bands, coronets, and sprays; these ornaments, placed amongst tulle or velvet puffings, look remarkably pretty.

Now that the *tournure* is banished, there is a tendency to rush to the other extreme, and to allow the undraped skirts to fall limply at the back, and to creep in round the ankles. An excellent method of making under-petticoats is to employ coarse net, or, better still, netting, such as was used in the days of crinolines to run steels into it, strong but pliable cords are now used, and are quite sufficient to obviate these defects.

Pongee and tussore silks make very pretty and durable dresses for young people; white foundations, touched up with delicate colours. A very pleasing dinner-dress was made of very pale pink Pongee silk, gracefully draped in folds crosswise from the waist, caught up high on one side with a pink and white crystal ornament, showing a deep lace flounce. The full bodice was crossed in a V shape from right to left, ribbon butterfly bows on the shoulders.

Orange colour will be very much worn this season, and not of the lightest shade. A beautiful dress for a wedding *trousseau* was of yellow brocade in a bold design of pomegranates, turned back on one side to show a lining of white satin interwoven with silver. Under this robe was a petticoat of rich lace; the low bodice was of lace artistically draped over the silk.

Sleeveless dresses are no longer worn; they are now composed of three straps, sometimes, but not always, filled in with small puffings of silk and tulle.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"BLANCOR DASH," moved by the example of Chaucer and others, has composed in blank verse a volume of "Tales of a Tennis Party" (Kegan Paul). A dozen friends are supposed to meet at their

County member's ancient hall,

where, wearying of the banalities of superficial conversation, they sit upon the grass of the lawn, and each tells his story, at least the Colonel, the Poet, the Host, the Traveller, and the Queen of this literary tournament do. The Colonel's story is of Gordon and the fate of Khartoum, and in its course the ex-Premier figures in no complimentary guise. Mr. Gladstone is described as:—

Endowed with Belial power to show the vile
Noble, and honoured nobleness as base—
As fair and false as the mirage's smile
Which cheats us on to death.

Although there is not much that is new or striking in the narratives, certainly nothing to which both epithets could be applied, yet there are thoughts and emotions—especially those which breed controversy as between materialists and transcendentalists, that "Blancor Dash" can put forcefully enough. Thus the poet replies to "the philosopher's" loud scorn of idealists:—

O love, O beauty, can the spirit droop
Shut in its dungeon, till 't adores its chains
And call the gloom its mother? Something rests,
A silver feather on the wing—something yet rests,
Some ray that from the morning flashed upon
The quivering pinions—something rests
Of love, of faith, and of eternity!

We must congratulate Mr. Gerald Massey on the publication of his collected works in two volumes, under the title of "My Lyrical Life" (Kegan Paul). Those, who know how musical and accomplished a singer this veteran poet is, will wonder that he should have seen himself described the other day as being the most unpublished of living authors. There have been reasons for this curious circumstance, however. It happens that Mr. Massey has not hitherto had a publisher to keep his books before the public. There has never been a collected edition of his poems, and the four separate volumes have been out of print for many years. Mr. Massey is, therefore, in this strange position—that he has to introduce himself, or rather, the writings of his other, earlier self, which, as he pathetically tells us, he is now "almost a stranger." The beautiful in nature and thought find in him a most eloquent and capable exponent; and, as regards patriotism, his heart is certainly in the right place. It would be most unfair to Mr. Massey, who has been so long hidden from the present generation, not to cite something, though where so much is charming the task of selection is the sole but sufficient difficulty. We venture to "All take, however, the last two verses from a poem beginning "All in Our Marriage Garden," to be found in "The Mother's Idol Broken":—

Our Rose was but in blossom;
Our life was but in spring;
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the Spirits sing:
"Another bud of infancy,
With holy dews imperaled,"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Would leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadows fling,
From Dawn to sunset's marge.
In other Springs our life may be
In other flowers unfurled;
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

COLONIAL GOVERNMENT TREASURIES are not always richly lined. A burglar recently broke into the Treasury at Saint Lucia, West Indies, and after four hours' efforts to force the safe he was rewarded by finding four shillings.



For the next three weeks, FRANCE will be given up to electoral manoeuvres. The elections being at present fixed for September 22nd, addresses and speeches to voters abound on all sides, and the leaders of every party canvass the provinces with much vigour. Royalists, Republicans, and Boulangists persistently reiterate the familiar arguments in favour of their particular form of Government, with much abuse of their rivals, but there is little new or noteworthy in any of the orations. After his long eclipse from public life, M. Jules Ferry is specially active, trying to induce the peasants that the Republic is the best protector of agriculture; M. Floquet preaches the Republic as "reactionary hypocrites and Republican renegades," dictating defeat for "reactionary hypocrites and Republican renegades," and the majority of the Government supporters urge union and conciliation to confound the enemies of that régime which "divides the least," as M. Thiers used to say—i.e., the Republic. The Royalists are somewhat disorganised through their hesitation whether to support Boulangism or to fight boldly under their own flag, but M. Bocher has been in England consulting with the Comte de Paris, who is expected shortly to issue a manifesto and solve his followers' doubts. General Boulanger has likewise published an address to the electors, with a list of his forty-two candidates for the Seine Department—including Paris—all staunch henchmen, such as MM. Rochefort, Naquet, Turquet, and the like. He himself stands, as before, for the Eighteenth Arrondissement of Paris, and bids the voters maintain Concord, Union, and Discipline, which will ensure Victory. The Revision of the Constitution is our main object, he continues, with the destruction of the "dishonoured Senate," and the fall of the present Government, which is ruining and dishonouring the country. As the Government promptly seizes the Boulangist placards, addresses, &c., the party hold noisy meetings to further their cause, such as the gathering at the Cirque Fernando in Paris, where 5,000 people declared their belief in General Boulanger's innocence. Crowds outside created some disturbance, but it was soon quelled by the troops, who had been brought out in readiness. The Government are fairly confident of victory, resting on the success of the Exhibition, and being able to pull many official wires. What attention can be spared from home affairs is devoted to the German Emperor's late visit to Alsace-Lorraine, which, naturally enough, caused many bitter remarks in the French Press.

PARIS continues her series of fêtes and banquets to distinguished foreigners. The British firemen and "firewomen" who came to attend the Fire Congress have been most enthusiastically entertained, together with some Russian Grand Dukes. Signs abound that the summer holidays are over, for the theatres are reopening and producing new pieces, such as the merry comedy *Pipère*, at the Renaissance, by MM. Médina and Juliaime, and a topical piece at the Cluny, *Les Petits Mystères de l'Exposition*, by MM. Milher and Numès.

GERMANY is highly delighted with the Imperial visit to Alsace-Lorraine, which went off without a hitch. It is difficult to decide how much of the effusive loyalty and enthusiasm was spontaneous, as the authorities would take care to ensure a good reception for their Sovereign, but time has certainly softened the bitter feelings against the annexation, while many of the chief malcontents have left the provinces altogether. Undoubtedly, however, Strassburg was more genuinely cordial than Metz, where the Emperor's refusal to receive a deputation pleading for the abolition of passports chilled the people. His Majesty conveniently ignored all shortcomings, and, in an Imperial decree thanking the people for his reception, declares that "these originally German territories, inhabited by an honest and intelligent population, will become still more closely attached to the German Fatherland as time advances." The Imperial couple were more at home in Westphalia, where, during their stay at Münster, the Emperor declared that he owed all his good principles to his Westphalian tutor. Now Emperor William will be in his element at the Military Manœuvres in Hanover, which begin early next month, and at the close the Emperor and Empress visit the Italian King and Queen at Monza, on their way to Greece. The Czar's visit is as yet undecided so far as the public are aware, for notwithstanding persistent rumours that Alexander III. would come to Potsdam privately this week, he has gone to Denmark for six weeks, and by the time he returns the German Emperor will be absent. The Germans are very sore at such indifference, and the chronic Russo-German newspaper war has broken out afresh.

The disturbances in CRETE seem to have decidedly quieted down, although the optimist accounts from Turkish sources do not entirely agree with other statements that anarchy still reigns in many districts. From all appearances Chakir Pasha has shown much tact in restoring order, while the ample supply of Turkish troops keep the peace within the military cordon round the most troublesome regions. The Porte, however, will not seriously consider the Cretans' demands before the latter have laid down their arms, and the Managing Insurgent Committee have accordingly resigned, complaining of Turkish bad faith. TURKEY's hands are, indeed, full, for fresh histories of distress and disturbance come from Armenia, where the Christians continue to suffer cruelly from the fanatic Moslems and Kurds. The charges against the notorious Moussa Bey increase—witness the evidence furnished by Mr. Gladstone—and some of the Powers are urging the Sultan to redress the Armenian grievances without delay. The unfortunate Armenians have also suffered from a severe earthquake, which engulfed a whole village with 129 inhabitants at Khenzorik, near the Russian frontier. To further trouble the Porte, Russia augments her strength on the Armenian border to a very alarming extent. Russia also is energetically reminding the Ottoman Government that their interest is directly opposed to joining, or even countenancing, the Triple Alliance. In SERBIA Queen Natalie and the Regents have at length come to terms, the Regents having evidently yielded to the obstinate lady. The Queen will probably visit Belgrade as soon as the elections are over, and every honour will be paid to her, the subject of the divorce being ignored.

The late Dervish rising in EGYPT has left the Soudan in very deplorable condition. So much distress exists on the Upper Nile, that in Khartoum and Kasala the inhabitants are stated to be eating those who die. Crowds are coming down from Dongola to Wady Halfa to seek help from the Egyptian authorities, who, on their side, have quite enough trouble to provide for the refugees encamped on the way to Assouan. Further, the bodies of men and animals who fell in the recent battles are lying about the country, or drift down the Nile infecting the water. Now the Mahdists have again turned their attention towards Suakin, and the nephew of the late Mahdi, Mohammed Achmet, is advancing from Tokar to punish the Hadendowas who lately raided on Sinkat. Afterwards he intends to besiege Suakin with a mixed force. A more pleasant subject for the Egyptian Government is the review of their military system, caused by the departure of Sir Edgar Vincent on Monday, when he relinquished his post as Financial Adviser to the Khedive. Since his appointment, Egyptian finance

has been entirely reorganised, many economies have been introduced, and Egyptian credit stands well among other countries. Mr. Elwin Palmer, lately Accountant-General to the Finance Ministry, has succeeded Sir E. Vincent. The European community in Cairo are very anxious about the sanitary condition of the hospitals and barracks. The sick in the military hospital are unusually numerous—two hundred and eight, including thirteen officers. Miss Hughes, chief nursing sister at the native hospital, has died of typhoid fever.

In INDIA the famine-stricken districts still cause much anxiety. Although affairs in Ganjam somewhat improve, 78,000 persons continue to receive gratuitous relief, besides 14,000 employed on the relief works. Much distress prevails throughout the Orissa and Patna districts, but the native princes liberally assist their people with one exception, the Rajah of Duspulla, who has allowed many to die of starvation rather than permit relief measures. Accordingly the Indian Government has deposed the Rajah, and he will probably be held up as a martyr by the native Press like the Maharajah of Cashmere. The Calcutta vernacular journals loudly abuse the Government for their action in Cashmere, which they call veiled annexation, especially when the British are making good military roads throughout the State, such as the important trade route from the Walur Lake to Gilgit. These disagreeables strongly contrast with the friendly attitude shown by the Nizam of Hyderabad, whose offer of assistance towards defending the frontier is now to be practically considered. Probably a contingent of 5,000 of the Nizam's troops will be specially trained for this purpose. The Viceroy will make a lengthy tour this autumn on the North-Western frontier, visiting Quetta and Pishin. UPPER BURMA rejoices that her revenue has materially increased since the annexation. However, the expenses have augmented in proportion, and at present exceed the in-comings.

The fishery dispute between the UNITED STATES and Great Britain has again become active, owing to the fresh captures of British sealers in Behring Sea. There is a touch of the ludicrous about these seizures. The American revenue cutter *Rush* solemnly takes possession of the vessels, puts on board a prize crew of one, and bids the delinquents go to Sitka to deliver themselves up to justice. Naturally, the vessels make for home instead, the *Minnie* and *Pathfinder*, seized last week, having duly reached Victoria, like the *Black Diamond* a few weeks ago, without the slightest opposition from the prize crew. Sometimes the sealers manage to conceal their cargo when boarded, or as in the case of the *Sapphire*, escape, after several hours' chase from the *Rush*. It would seem, indeed, that the seizures are made simply as a matter of form to content the Alaska Company, which holds the seal-fishery monopoly. This view of the case is taken by the majority of Americans, who dislike seeing their Government thus placed in a ridiculous position, much as they object to the monopoly enjoyed by the Alaska Company. Moreover, as the American vessels come under the same ban, they are as anxious as the Canadians to end the present anomalous state of affairs. They doubt, also, whether their Government are legally entitled to stop the fishery in the open sea. At present, however, nothing has been done, for diplomats are away on their holidays, and the State Department at Washington announces that no negotiations have been entertained since March last. The Canadians demand arbitration, and complain that the Home Government are very supine on the subject. The Cronin trial began on Monday at Chicago; but the counsel for the accused have brought up so many technical objections that the proceedings will be merely formal for several weeks to come. The trial of Judge Field for complicity in the murder of Terry was a much simpler affair, the Judge being acquitted immediately. Marshal Nagle, who actually shot Terry, will be tried next week. Three bad railway collisions have occurred, one resulting in much damage to Barnum's Circus, on its departure for Europe, thirty-three horses and two camels being killed.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY the Vatican persistently strains the awkward relations with the Government by various petty annoyances, such as refusing to allow Cardinal Alimonda, Archbishop of Turin, to baptise the Duke of Aosta's infant son. King Humbert has received the Shoa Mission with much ceremony. The Emvoys bring a Treaty from King Menelek, recognising Italian sovereignty in the territories now occupied, and, it is rumoured, accepting a protectorate for Abyssinia. In Abyssinia itself Ras Alula marched against the Italians at Asmara, but was driven back.—In AUSTRIA, the great International Grain Fair at Vienna is a failure this year, owing to the animosity between the Jewish merchants and the Christians. The harvest is very poor.—Jewish merchants grievously from drought, which in some districts has lasted for two months, the sun being tropical. The heat has ruined the crops, and forest fires are frequent in Andalusia and Estremadura. At MALTA, the *Sultan* has been floated, and brought into harbour amid much rejoicing.—GREECE experienced a severe earthquake on Monday, the shocks being felt throughout the whole country, and the several towns being ruined. The centre of the shock was in the Gulf of Corinth.—BELGIUM and the CONGO State are now in regular trade relations. Ivory and indiarubber from the Congo will be publicly sold at Antwerp in October. The report that Tippoob Tib had repudiated his alliance with the Europeans is firmly denied. One of his sons has gone to EAST AFRICA to negotiate peace between Captain Wissmann and Bushiri. Meanwhile the German leader has marched on to Bagamoyo, successfully repulsing the natives.—The TRANSVAAL is alarmed lest the British element should overpower the Flemish nationality, and the Minister of Public Instruction is in Antwerp, trying to induce Belgians to emigrate to the Republic.—The HAYTI revolution, which has continued for many weeks past, has culminated in General Hippolyte becoming President of the Republic. General Legitime found his rival so powerful that he was obliged to abdicate, and General Hippolyte then peacefully occupied Port-au-Prince, while his predecessor fled away in a French vessel. No riot occurred, although the city was very disturbed, business being suspended, and money scarce.



THE QUEEN has gone to Scotland, delighted with her visit to Wales. Her Majesty received a most enthusiastic welcome to the Principality, and was enabled to view the beautiful scenery in moderately fine weather. Besides their public engagements, the Royal party much enjoyed their private glimpses of life and customs at Palé. Thus, in the mornings, the Queen and Princesses rambled about the grounds and witnessed sheep-dog trials, while the evenings were occupied by harp concerts, or the singing of Welsh melodies and sacred music by the Llanderfel Choir. Saturday was devoted to the visit to Wrexham, and on Sunday the Bishop of St. Asaph officiated at Divine Service before the Royal party, the Cathedral choir providing the music. In the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princesses drove privately towards Corwen and Bala. On Monday Prince and Princess Henry, with Princess Alix of Hesse, went down a coal-pit at Ruabon, and in the afternoon the Queen, with the Princesses and Prince Henry, visited Sir T. and Lady Martin, at Bryntysilio, and drove through the

Vale of Llangollen. Next day Her Majesty remained in the grounds at Palé, and entertained to lunch Sir Theodore Martin and the Mayor of Wrexham, the latter being afterwards knighted. Later the Queen drove to Bala Lake, while Prince and Princess Henry went to Barmouth, for the Princess to lay the foundation stone of a new church, and in the evening Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry and Princess Alix of Hesse, left Llanderfel by special train for Balmoral, where they arrived in time for lunch on Wednesday. In the afternoon the Grand Duke of Hesse also arrived. The Court will stay in the Highlands until early in November.

The Prince of Wales is much the better for his stay at Homburg. His leg now troubles him very little, and he has been able to get about far more easily, accompanying the Empress Frederick and family in various excursions. Unfortunately the weather is cold and wet. Princess Christian has joined the family party at the Schloss, and will accompany the Empress Frederick next week to Wiesbaden and Darmstadt. The Prince remains in Germany till the close of next week, when he returns home to stay with the Duke of Portland for Doncaster Races. Subsequently, he goes to Scotland to visit the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who may, later, accompany the Prince to Denmark to join the family gathering at Fredensborg. The Princess of Wales and her two younger daughters reached Copenhagen at the end of last week, and were received by the Kings of Denmark and Greece and the Royal Princes, who escorted them to Fredensborg Castle. The Czar and Czarina, with their family and the Grand Duke Paul and his bride, are daily expected to join the party, as well as the Queen of Greece. The Princess of Wales will not return home before October.—Prince George of Wales has experienced some very rough and trying weather in his torpedo-boat. He has shown himself a smart seaman, however, and, at considerable risk, managed to succour a fellow torpedo-boat in distress, and bring her into Lough Swilly.

The Duchess of Albany and her children have gone with the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont to the Castle of Schaumburg-on-the-Lahn, where they will remain some weeks.—The Duchess of Connaught lately kept her twenty-ninth birthday at Poona, with much festivity. She held a reception, and then entertained her guests with private theatricals.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh remain at Coburg, where their niece, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, is staying with them.—The Shah of Persia spent several days in Salzburg last week, and made numerous excursions to the mountains. He then went on to Vienna, where he was cordially entertained by the Emperor, although the festivities were curtailed owing to the Court mourning. For the same reason, the Empress did not appear, her place being taken by the Archduchess Marie Theresa, wife of the heir-apparent, Archduke Charles Louis, brother to the Emperor. The Shah left Vienna on Tuesday for Buda-Pesth, whence he proceeds home through Russia.



I.

A BEAUTIFUL face, "La Marchesa," by Sir Frederick Burton, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, forms the frontispiece of the *Universal Review*.—Most interesting to literary readers will be the French article, "A Gallic Study of Tennyson," by M. Sarrazin. Especially notable are the passages treating of the women of Tennyson and of the artistic perfection of our Poet Laureate. This writer appears to be a discriminating critic as well as an ardent admirer of the most famous living English singer.—Mr. Julian Corbett, with "Jezebel" (illustrated), offers to Biblical readers a conception of Ahab's wife and Queen which will strike many as new. A brief quotation will suffice to show that the writer's view is unconventional: "So died fair Jezebel, the protomartyr of our civilisation. The champion of all that brings earth nearer to heaven, she fell in the unequal fight. Yet none have risen to claim canonisation for the gentle saint, or to demand a place for her immortal name in the sacred calendar of humanity. Like the troops of heroic spirits, who, after her, have stepped out in front of their time, she had exorcism for her reward."—A more useful and instructive paper is "Care and Cure of the Insane," by Dr. R. Greene.

In *Cornhill* there is a pleasant paper on "Fresh-Water Fishes," in which we have sketches from life, based on notes made by river, lake, pond, and stream, where the writer wandered, rod in hand, after jack and pike.—"A Trio of Fiends" discuss the respective merits of the Lucifer of Dante, the Satan of Milton, and the Mephistopheles of Goethe. Generally it is pointed out that they are the devils of their age, and they are the devils of their poets. Each is the natural outcome of the age in which he was produced, and the character of each bears a certain resemblance to the man that produced him. These ideas are cleverly worked out.—A good sporting short story is "A Fortune on Four Legs."

The *English Illustrated* presents all its well-marked features this month. Especially noticeable are "Glan Conway," by Mr. Grant Allen, and "Homeric Imagery," by Mr. W. C. Green, both well supplied with woodcuts. The proprietors announce, moreover, that with the October number considerable improvements in the periodical will be initiated, and the thickness of the paper will be increased. The magazine will be printed in new type, and the letterpress will be carried across the page, and not divided, as now, in double-column. Quite a formidable list of coming contributors is given. Among them figures the name of the Princess Christian.

Mr. Grant Allen's "Tropical Education," in *Longman*, does not deal, as might rashly be imagined, with the schools of Demerara or Trinidad. He thinks that the plant and tree life of the earlier geological periods may be best studied in the Tropics, as tropical conditions have borne such a large part in the development of life in general on our planet.

Naturalists have a treat before them in the excellent paper, charmingly illustrated, on "Winged Botanists," contributed by Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson to the *September Century*. It is concerned mainly with butterflies, who are not generally thought of as rivals of Linnæus.—Miss Eleanor C. Price has a paper on "Napoleon in Exile: Republished Letters by British Officers." Lieutenant W. Nelson Mills, writing under date October 23rd, 1815, to a lady-friend, observes:—"With difficulty, I bribed his *premier valet de chambre* to procure about fifty of his hairs. I assure you, the captain of the ship did not get so much. Certainly *Buonaparte* has very little hair on his head, and dislikes it to be given away very much."—An enjoyable travel-article is "An American Artist in Japan," by Mr. Theodore Woes.—We may also commend Mr. John A. Paine's "The Pharaoh of the Exodus and his Son in the Light of their Monuments," illustrated with twenty-nine engravings and *fac-similes*.

The most striking article in the *September Harper* is Mr. Theodore Child's "American Artists at the Paris Exhibition," not so much because of the letterpress, as for the very numerous illustrations from the paintings exhibited in the French capital by our Transatlantic cousins.—It is scarcely necessary to say that the same writer's "Holy Moscow" will bear perusal. English, notably London, readers will enjoy Mr. John Lillie's "London Mock Parliaments," in which Mr. Harry Furniss renders admirably and artistically the humours of "The Cogers" and "The Discussion Forum."—Another public will appreciate "The Religious Movement in France," by M. Edmond de Pressensé, Senator.

ENGLISH SATIRICAL PRINTS UPON EVENTS IN FRANCE

I.—THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE, 1789

THE GENERAL FEELING IN ENGLAND during the earlier incidents of the French Revolution, as registered in the Press of the time, was in cordial sympathy with the popular movement. The aspirations for liberty of a generous nation, long regarded by "free-born Britons" as slaves of feudalism and despotism, met with responsive encouragement from our shores; the eloquence and genius of our Liberal political leaders were all enlisted in the cause; C. J. Fox, the great Whig chief, and his followers, hailed with enthusiasm the downfall of the state of serfdom and seigniorial privileges which appeared to be relics of the Dark Ages.

Those bitter feelings of antagonism naturally provoked by the part France had played in promoting the lamentable estrangement between the great American Continent and the Mother Country were forgotten, and, for the time being, it was recognised that the cause of an oppressed people was the most righteous revolution the world had witnessed. It was felt that Lafayette, who had imbibed the passion for liberty from a free nation, was applying the fruits of his American experiences for the humiliation of the implacable Court party, and was assisting a social upheaval against the wrongs of centuries, teaching the Throne a lesson which was to bring retribution upon the King and his evil counsellors. The news of the fall of the Bastille, that reprobated monument of feudal tyranny, was received with enthusiasm, and Gillray has expressed the popular view of this exciting episode.

Events were marching with marvellous celerity in the French capital. Much had been accomplished by the National Assembly at Versailles. A reaction was attempted by the courtiers with fatal consequences. Necker, for the time regarded as the "people's

"Why, this is a revolt!"

"Sire," replied de Liancourt, "it is a revolution!"

At Versailles the Assembly sat all night, Lafayette presiding.

The day following the King presented himself to the Representatives, and announced that orders had been sent to Paris for the withdrawal of the foreign troops; the demolition of the Bastille proceeded, while the misguided princes and nobles began the stream of emigration. On the 16th the King gave way to the popular voice, the obnoxious shortlived military Ministry was dismissed, and Necker recalled from his recent exile; Bailly was installed Mayor of Paris,

and Lafayette appointed Commandant of the National Forces.

A more hopeful prospect was opened up the day following, when the King resolved to reassure and tranquillise the people in person, proceeding to Paris without state or escort, but accompanied by a hundred popular Deputies.

At the Barrier of Passy Bailly was waiting to present to the head of the nation the identical keys offered to Henri Quatre; the Mayor of Paris harangued the Monarch, and drew a comparison between Henry IV., the King who had conquered his people, and Louis XVI., whose people had conquered their King; thence, through the assembled multitudes which lined the streets, to the Hotel de Ville, where orations were pronounced, and the King presented with the national cockade. There he was hailed as "the Restorer of French Liberty," and his statue was promised to be raised on the ruins of the Bastille, to testify the fact to all men." Finally, Louis, wearing the tricolour, appeared in the balcony of the Hotel de Ville amidst boundless enthusiasm, and returned to the Queen at Versailles overwhelmed with the benedictions of his people.

It was under the inspiration of this happier outlook that Gillray designed the popular conception of French affairs.

"Freedom in France," July 28th, 1789, represents the "People's Minister," Necker, trampling under foot the insignia of feudal oppression, supported on high by the enigmatical Duke of Orleans, "Egalité," who had professed to assume Liberal principles, which he had

studied in England, and Lafayette, the friend and comrade of Washington.

Necker is shown holding the restored Crown of Louis XVI. in one hand, and elevating in the other the "Cap of Liberty," then being adopted by the masses as the popular symbol. This picture was favourably contrasted with "Slavery in Britain," with Pitt mounted on the crown and holding King and subjects alike in heavy fetters. "The Offering to Liberty," August 3rd, 1789, is a still more roseate vision; Liberty, as an effulgent divinity, is seated on the ruins of the Bastille, the repentant monarch has dedicated his crown to Liberty, and from that Goddess receives the restored insignia, "Receive from Liberty your Crown again! And He that wears the Crown immortally, Long guard it yours!"

Orleans, whose motives in abetting—if not inspiring—the progress of the Revolution were, for the nonce, presumed to be pure, appears as "Honour," and Necker, the hero of the hour, is personified as "Virtue," presenting a purse to remedy the disastrous "deficit."

With this happier prospect of pacific unity for the common weal, it was hoped that a brilliant future was before the French nation; and that, as in 1889, the tide of strangers would flow to the capital; the view is here given—in anticipation—of the characteristic "Reception of Sir John Bull and his Family at Boulogne-sur-Mer," welcomed by interesting types of French life as they presented themselves to the traveller's eye a century back, and not unfamiliar on the same spot in our own generation. There are the sturdy, bare-legged, wooden-shod portresses and fishwives, hotel tout, a mendicant monk, evidently a relation of Sterne's "Father Lorenzo," postboys, and the motley crowd whose members, in modified phases, may be recognised to this day.

J. G.



July 28, 1789 Orleans Necker Lafayette
"FREEDOM IN FRANCE"

Minister," and the financial saviour of the nation, had been dismissed by a misguided and purblind aristocratic faction on the 11th July, 1789; and a repressive and military régime was put in power to stultify the popular progress. The day following the Prince Lambesc and his cavalry attempted an ill-advised demonstration against the people. On the 13th July Paris may be considered to have reached a state of revolution. The troops of the Guards, recruited from the people, joined the populace, and became the legions of the nation. The foreign mercenaries, posted in Paris to overawe the citizens, were, from various causes, powerless to produce any but a hostile impression. The National Assembly at Versailles represented to the King the critical state of affairs in the capital, requested the withdrawal of alien troops, and attacked the obnoxious Ministry brought into existence since Necker's dismissal.

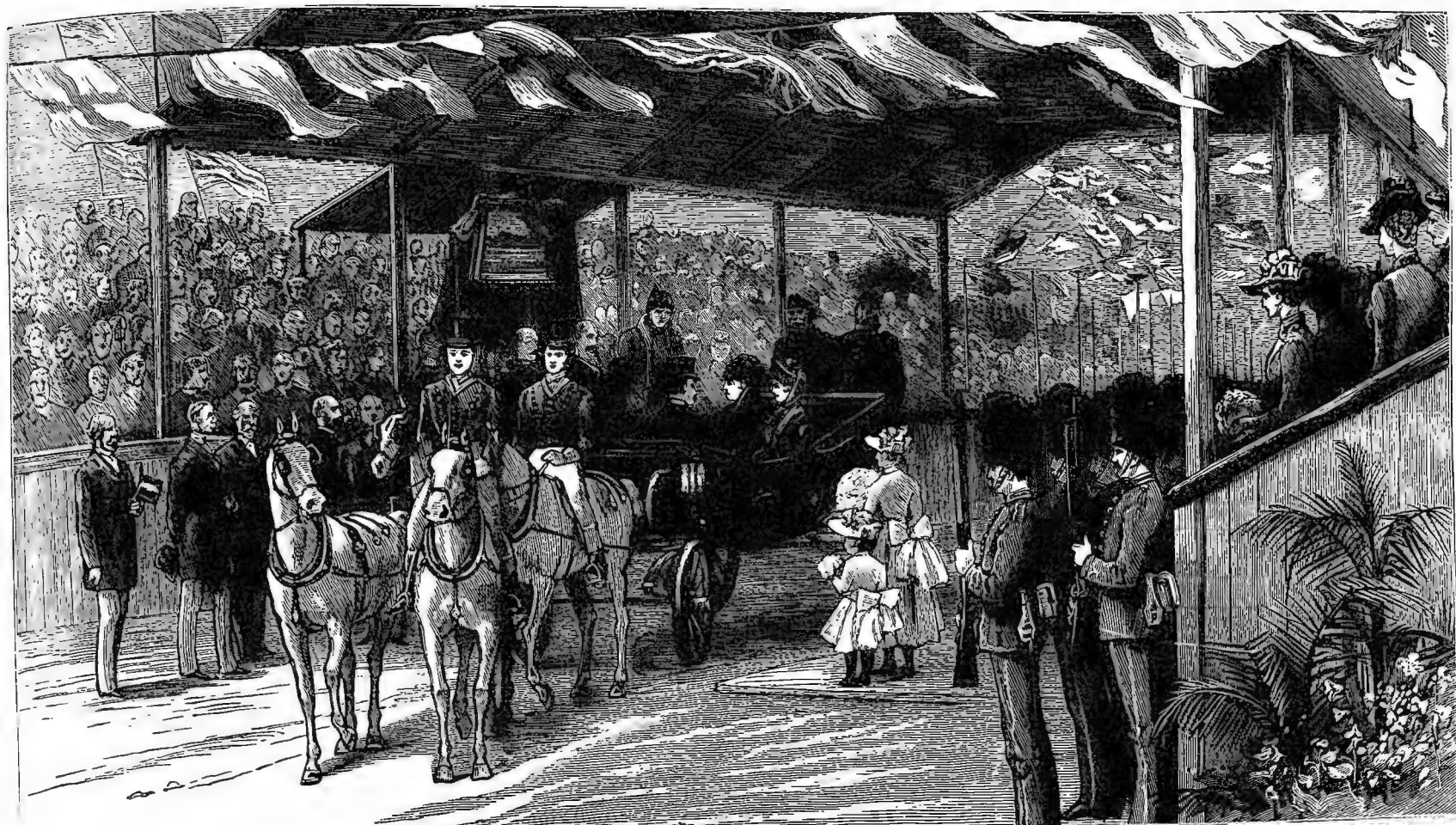
On the 14th July the Bastille, which King and Court considered impregnable, was taken by the people—"like the city of Jericho," says Carlyle, "overturned by miraculous sound." When the "Job's news" was brought to the King by the Duke de Liancourt, Louis who evidently expected a different sequel, exclaimed:



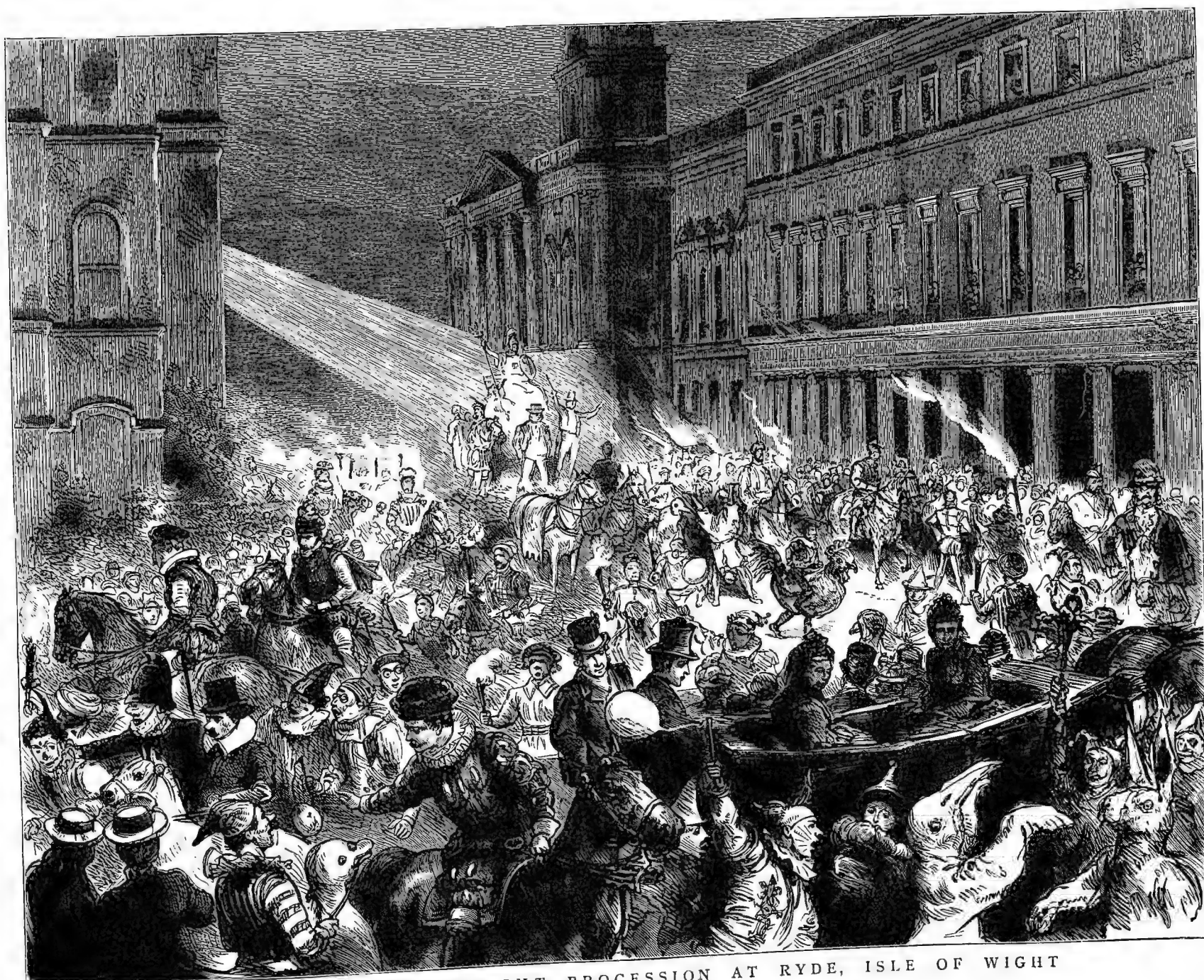
Honour to Virtue; Orleans and Necker A repentant Monarch Louis XVI. Liberty raised on the Ruins of the Bastille
"THE OFFERING TO LIBERTY"



"THE LANDING OF SIR JOHN BULL AND HIS FAMILY AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER"



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THE SEASON has not improved, and the pleasant outlook of early July has now become but a sorry prospect of depreciated harvests. The wheat crop of the United Kingdom is variously estimated at from nine and a half to ten million quarters, but how much of this grain will be tail-corn, and how much will be absolutely unfit for human food, it is as yet impossible to tell. All that can be said at present is that the cut but uncarried grain is knocked about by the winds and soaked and sodden by the rains in a manner calculated almost to break the farmer's heart; the carefully-sown and well-manured grain of last autumn and spring going before his eyes to apparently wanton waste. The barley has been left uncut longer than the wheat. A good deal was sown rather late, and the cereal is one that is always left to get dead ripe, whereas both wheat and oats should be cut on the point of ripeness, just before the actual maturity of growth is attained. The news from East Kent is that wheat, despite the bad in-gathering, is a fair crop, but barley is terribly depreciated, owing to the rains. Barley samples in most of the leading counties are much discoloured, and there will be but a small proportion of this crop really fit for malting for ale. Oats are an average crop, and weigh heavily, but both beans and peas are deficient; most reports say from five to seven and a half per cent. Rye is rather over an average crop but was secured early in August, or even, in many places, before the end of July. Only fifty thousand acres, however, are under cultivation. All corn, says an Essex correspondent, has been stacked in more or less poor condition, and much will not be fit to thresh before next spring. A few samples of new wheat offered for sale show great variety in quality and condition, and the yield is as a rule disappointing. From Lincoln we hear that five sacks to the acre is all that will be got off the principal lands where five quarters are usually grown. News from the north of the Humber is less despondent; while an Oxford correspondent, writing of his own county and the country to the west thereof, says, "A considerable portion of the wheat crop is now in stack," and he seems to think the out-turn will be better than many people think.

NEW WHEAT has been selling at from 32s. to 37s. in London, at 33s. to 36s. at Lincoln, at 31s. to 36s. at Ipswich, and at 12s. per 180lbs. at the Cornish and Devonshire markets. In Yorkshire and Northumberland 37s. to 40s. is asked, but these are the fancy prices of the earliest samples. Condition is usually too poor for milling, and there is much doubt as to what the intrinsic quality of the wheat apart from condition may be. Probably the wheat kept over winter will be satisfactory in this respect, and the wheat not so kept over unsatisfactory. The mean weight of this year's wheat is better than that of 1888, but not so heavy as that of the year before last.

THE HARVESTING OF WHEAT.—Mr. Arthur Livermore, writing from Bath, says: "The appearance of the standing wheat all over England is full of promise, but an unsettled sky, now that the harvest should be secured, causes many fears, and induces me to take the liberty of recommending the American practice of reaping the wheat while yet 'in the milk,' as it is termed. It is believed that from the time that the stalk has begun to turn yellow the kernel has ceased to derive any nourishment from the earth, and that whatever the straw has to yield may be gained as well in the shock, where it is protected from rain, as while standing. Exposed in its ripe condition, the rain is fatal to it. Rain falling upon wheat ripened and dry upon the stalk causes it to sprout, but falling upon it while 'in the milk' is harmless. If wet at this stage it will ripen in the shock, where it will remain perfectly safe for weeks. It has been thought by some that the kernel so ripened fails to attain the full size and weight which it would gain if left standing. But the proposition is not universally believed to be true, and even if admitted is not a conclusive argument against the safer course of the early harvesting." The late Mr. Morton's advice always was to cut wheat as soon as the grains, when squeezed, would not yield any milk, and the experience of the more advanced of our own agriculturists points largely in the direction of, even if it does not entirely endorse, the American experiences of our correspondent.

SHEEP.—Most of the reports from the fairs and sales of sheep which are just now frequent are distinguished by a cheery tone which is pleasant to note. At Britford Sheep Fair, last week, the supply was larger and the demand better than for some years past, two satisfactory facts which it requires a special chain of events to bring together. Hampshire Down ewes fetched 68s. a head for fine pens, and 57s. to 62s. for ordinary. The highest price for a ram was made by a lamb of Mr. F. R. Moore's, which was bought by Mr. H. Lambert for 100gs. The top price of the week was made by the Shropshires, Mr. Graham's sheep fetching 170gs.

WATERCOURSES.—Mr. Duckham, the late M.P. for Herefordshire, has carried the following resolution in the County Council of his shire:—"That as floods of a serious nature are of frequent

occurrence, causing considerable damage, which would be much ameliorated, if not in many cases prevented, by the proper cleansing of the brooks and other watercourses from obstructions, it is essential that County Councils should be empowered to deal with this important question, and that the Roads and Bridges Committee be requested to give the subject their serious consideration." Mr. R. Henry Rew, writing to the *Oxford Journal*, emphatically endorses this recommendation, asserting from observation that in his part of the country floods of late years have been higher and more frequent than before, and have been along the banks of tributary streams as well as in the vicinity of main rivers. The whole matter is one which the recent weather is bringing into prominence.

FLOWERS suffer sadly from such a gusty, showery, and stormy period as that through which we have been passing. The marigolds and cultivated poppies have been beaten down and dragged in the dirt; even the stately sunflowers have sometimes fallen before the petulant gusts. The beautiful sunflower-like harpallium, seen in many Hampshire gardens, has flowered well this season, and lasts longer than most August flowers. The earlier sorts of chrysanthemum are already in flower, but this later autumn flower always recalls too sadly the flight of the summer and the decadence of the year. The ordinary varieties are setting their buds fast, and generally look well. The single dahlias are very beautiful and perfect this year, but have been frequently broken off by the winds. The beautiful *Anemone Japonica* is coming into bloom, and is of very vigorous growth this season. It is really one of the grandest flowering plants which recent years have added to the garden. The beautiful senecio is also a good display this year, especially on strong soil.

SCOTLAND.—Wheat is reckoned a good crop north of the Tweed, but the area devoted to it, 68,000 acres, is not large. The *Glasgow Herald*, which publishes a curious but useful estimate of the Scottish crops in money value, puts wheat at 584,247l. The barley yield is likely to be a full average, and the quality better than last year, though not so good as in 1887. Our contemporary is probably well within the mark in reckoning the crops off 225,000 acres to be worth 1,230,463l. Oats are fetching a fair price, and although very unequal, are often a fine and heavy yield. The estimate of 6,600,057l. is to our mind too low, for over a million acres are devoted to this cereal. Beans and peas are rather under an average crop in Scotland, and rye rather over an average; the price value of the former is assumed at 127,707l., and of the latter at 38,760l. A total of 8,600,244l. is thus obtained, as compared with 9,372,224l. last year. The present state of affairs is discouraging, but we fancy the figure taken for this year is quite half a million too low.

ATHENS FROM LYKABËTTOS

It would be altogether impossible to make the ascent of the Mount Lykabëttos on foot. The time required for it is at least two hours. It is necessary to take a carriage for the first half of the way, and to perform the remainder upon ponies or asses. These discouraging particulars were furnished to us, in response to our inquiries, by a waiter in the *salle à manger* of the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Nevertheless, forty minutes later, we found ourselves arrived, by virtue of our unassisted exertions, at the small white chapel of Hagios Georgios, which gleams on the summit. This building, which is modern, and nowise remarkable, was in charge of one melancholy-looking old man and six or seven queerly-streaked cats. He emerged from a quaint little dwelling annexed to the chapel, and brought us chairs to sit on in the clear blue shadow under its eastern wall; they kept an unobtrusive, but wary, watch upon our movements during our visit, and finally escorted us part of the way down the winding path, though whether therein actuated by courtesy or suspicion we were unable to decide.

The ascent of Lykabëttos is strongly recommended by Baedeker as "very recompensing;" and it is undoubtedly a most favourable station for what he calls the *Orientierung* of the place. From its height of eight or nine hundred feet—it cannot compete with M. Eiffel's *tour de force*—Athens and her ring-fence of summits, old in story—Hymëttos, and Pentelikos, and Kyllênê—are seen spread out in a splendid panorama, while the city is near enough to be observed in detail. Modern Athens gleams like a white scarf flung from east to west between the Akropolis and Lykabëttos, the vestiges of the ancient city lying mainly southwards, and in the direction of the Ilissos—or, to be more accurate, of the Ilissos's bed. This scarf is continually lengthening and broadening, for Athens has, during the past generation, made seven-leagued strides in population and prosperity, and is yearly enlarging her borders. Extension in her case, however, does not imply the multiplication of mean rows of dirt-coloured brick boxes, or even of high-fantastical Queen Anne villas; but, rather, the erection of white-marble mansions, set in gardens of palms and roses, the planting of desolate waste places with lilac and rhododendron groves, and the completion of stately public buildings, libraries, academies, museums, many of them "the gifts of private," as we heard an English-speaking Athenian remark with justifiable pride.

The country, in fact, is beginning to emerge from the shadow of that unpardonable sin—poverty. Rich Greeks, who have made

their fortunes abroad, are returning to their native land, where they often give substantial proof of their patriotism by following the example of the wealthy Marathonian, Herodes Atticus, whose munificence is still traceable amid the dilapidations of eighteen hundred stormy centuries. Hence, as in the nature of things the city can never be afflicted with extensive manufactures, and as her citizens are imbued with a sincere veneration for the past, we may believe that, if "another Athens shall arise," it will be in a form worthy to enshrine the memories which have come down from "the splendour of her prime." And perhaps some day her sister nations will do themselves the tardy justice of restoring to her sundry invaluable properties, and will thereby clear themselves from the deepening suspicion of having played the part of wreckers and pirates, not of rescuers and trustees.

In thus looking down upon the city, we were immediately impressed by the absence of smoke and chimneys. Athens, burning chiefly wood, and that merely for domestic purposes, is practically free from smuts to defile her pure air and blacken her marble columns; and, though chimneys do actually exist, their modest size and unpretending patterns make them seem as nothing when compared with the soot-stained excrescences which predominate in any British roof-scape. Her tiled roofs, too, flat or low-pitched, and of soft, unpronounced tints, are an infinite improvement upon the harsh monotony of our grim, slated ridges.

But to set against their immunity from suspended soot-particles, the inhabitants of Athens must often endure the presence in their atmosphere of other foreign bodies scarcely less obnoxious. We were not likely to overlook this fact, as just then white clouds rolling thickly down the streets, and swirling wildly about the base of the Akropolis, showed that Aischylos's "voiceless messenger" was going in great force on his thankless errands. It is, no doubt, true that the bad eminence, in this matter of dust, upon which Athens has been established by popular report, may not be altogether merited, and that gusts to the full as blinding and gritty as any in the Odo Ermoio or the Plâteia tês Omonoias are commonly encountered in, say, Gower Street or Piccadilly. Yet it cannot be denied that Athenian dust is, upon the whole, persistent and pervasive beyond the average; comporting itself as if, elated at all the fine things which have gone down into it thereabouts, it had formed designs of swallowing up also whatever still remains above ground. That it was in an unusually rampant mood at the time of our recent visit seemed probable, however, from the tone adopted by the daily Press—*Ephemerides* and *Orai* devoting irate leading articles to complaints of the nuisance and abuse of the Municipal Commissioners. This body can plead in excuse, first, a not over-abundant water supply, and, secondly, the nature of the soil, which is still, as it was in the days of Thucydides, light, loose, and friable, and has since then been rendered drier by the devastation of woods and groves. The most effectual mitigation of the evil would doubtless be found in the paving of squares and open spaces in the city; and steps towards the accomplishment of this are at present being taken.

Several Sahara-fuls of dust would, however, scarcely suffice to smother the attractions of those walks about Athens which we mapped out before we descended to level ground, between fences composed of prickly-pear and unclimable wire, and crossed the unfashionable little square of Friendly Companionship (so called after a patriotic association formed during the War of Independence). There at the doors of its numerous small *cafés* many Turks sat placidly over their hubbub-bubbles, a phase of smoking which always suggests to us Amiel's line: "*Nous avons à plaisir compliqué le bonheur*;" and thence, skirting two sides of the Palace gardens, we arrived at the lofty pigeon-haunted Arch of Hadrian, formerly the boundary between the Greek and Roman cities, hard by which the visitor may conveniently begin his antiquarian researches among the giant pillars of the immense Olympeion. Should he wish, however, to complete his survey of the city *de haut en bas*, he would do well to proceed a little further, and mount the peaked Philopappos hill with its ruined memorial of the old Attic Dêmot, Roman Consul, and titular King of Kom-magenê. For, from this, he will not only have the finest view attainable of the south front of the Akropolis, but he will look sheer across the city to his former station, Lykabëttos, here seen to its best advantage, unimpaired by the encroaching stone-quarries, which have already disfigured the contour of its northern slopes. He may, perhaps, also think that it bears a semblance in shape to the Norman Mont Saint-Michel, but none at all to Arthur's Seat, with which some indiscreet admirers of Auld Reekie are fond of comparing it, thereby placing the undeniable beauties of their favourite in a false position, disparaging rather than enhancing. O. B.

THE CHINESE MINT LATELY ESTABLISHED AT CANTON proves a very unprofitable undertaking for the Government. Copper cash are manufactured at a loss of 50 per cent., the metal for 4s. worth of cash costing 5s. Further, the process of stamping a square hole in a round coin, makes a cash more expensive to manufacture than a sovereign. Presses for silver coinage having also been provided, a few dollars and various coins have been struck off specially for the Viceroy and other officials, but from all appearances the Mint promises to be a dead failure before long.

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THE SHAFTESBURY Theatre has made a brilliant re-opening with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new and original play of modern English life, to which the author has given the name of *The Middleman*. Mr. Jones has handled the subject of the hopes and fears, the trials and vicissitudes of inventors with more success than the author of *Arkwright's Wife*, chiefly because he has blended with these somewhat *caviare* elements a story of pathos which, while it is closely allied with the fundamental idea, finally assumes a predominating interest. The scene in which the poor inventor, who has meekly borne the spectacle of the purse-proud owner of the pottery works growing rich by his ideas, awakens to his wrongs when his haughty employer refuses to compel his son Captain Chandler to make reparation for the shame he has brought upon the inventor's daughter, was finely rendered by Mr. Willard, who again, in the scene of the discovery of the valuable secret process in the firing house, created a deep impression. His strongest situation of all, however, was the last, in which the inventor, just as he is about to lay violent hands on Captain Chandler, discovers his daughter, long mourned as dead, in the young wife with whom the latter is returning to his old home. Miss Maud Millett plays prettily as the guilty but penitent heroine, and is well sustained by Mr. Esmond in the thankless part of Captain Chandler. Mr. Mackintosh gives high finish to the portrait of the rich and insolent potter, "the Middleman" of the story, and other parts are cleverly played by Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Garden, Mr. H. Cane, and Miss Eva Moore.

The new romantic drama by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, with which the ADELPHI reopens about the middle of September, is to be called *London Day by Day*. We are informed on trustworthy authority that the principal scenes represent a Bohemian Club in Leicester Square and a wharf at the East End, from which Continental steamers start. Mr. George Alexander will play the hero, Miss Alma Murray the heroine, and Mr. Marius the villain. Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Lionel Rignold, Miss Clara Jecks, and Miss Kate James will also take part, or rather parts, in the performance. Mr. George Alexander, by the way, informs us that he is only leaving the LYCEUM temporarily, and because there is no "juvenile" part in *The Dead Heart*. He will play at the ADELPHI while Mr. Terriss is in America, and rejoin Mr. Irving's company when *The Dead Heart* is withdrawn.

The recent meeting of "unemployed actors" resulted in the formation of a sort of commonwealth—otherwise an "Actors' Co-operative Society," who have been trying experiments at SADLER'S WELLS Theatre. We regret to learn that the venture has, after a month's trial, ended unfavourably. The Society started on July

20th, with the modest capital of 110*l.*, and produced in four weeks successively *The Orange Girl*, *The Silver King*, *A True Story*, and *Rob Roy*; but the receipts appear to have barely averaged 8*l.* a night. According to the balance-sheet, in the first week the company shared twelve shillings in the pound; but even this was partly derived from the rent of refreshment bars. In the second week they shared again twelve shillings in the pound, and in the third only six shillings, while the fourth week produced nothing, and left them 10*l.* in debt. Nevertheless, the co-operative actors have resolved to "struggle on, and hope for better times."

That the new romantic historical drama in preparation at Drury Lane is founded on the picturesque pages of the Boscobel Tracts is already well known. It is now announced that Messrs. Harris and Hamilton have bestowed upon their work the title of *The Royal Oak*. Mr. Arthur Dacre will play the hero, Dorien Cholmondeley, and Mr. Henry Neville Prince Charles, better known in history as "The Merry Monarch." The theatre will re-open with this piece on the 21st inst.

"TERRY'S Theatre" has, it appears, been not quite Terry's Theatre. It is now, however, completely Terry's Theatre, by virtue of the fact that this popular comedian has bought up Mr. Charles Wilmot's share in the property. It is whispered that the purchase-money gave forth an unmistakable odour of sweet lavender.

Mr. Buchanan's adaptation of *Roger le Honte*, which Mr. Beer-bohm Tree is preparing to produce at the HAYMARKET, is to be called *A Man's Shadow*. This is in allusion to the fact that the false accusation of murder which involves its hero in so many troubles arises from his close personal resemblance to the real criminal.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and their company have been playing during the present week in the Isle of Man. Their next appearance will be in Manchester and Liverpool, whence they will sail to fulfil their engagements in the United States.

The Dead Heart is now in active rehearsal at the LYCEUM.

Mr. Savile Clarke is at Dinard, in Brittany, hard at work on the book of an opera upon a Spanish subject, which is to be produced simultaneously in London and New York.

Mr. Lionel Brough was, at latest advices, amusing audiences in Cape Town by his performances in *The Paper Chase*. During the passage of himself and his company he gave an entertainment aboard ship for the benefit of a Benevolent Institution for Sailors.

The list of personages in the new drama, which the management of the Chateau d'Eau Theatre, Paris, have had the questionable taste to base upon the revolting subject of "Jack the Ripper," have a curiously English, yet un-English air, they are "La Blackhorn (apparently the heroine), Ketty, Ellen, James Plack, Jackson, Sir Stevens, and Robinson Brown." *Jack l'Eventreur* was to be produced on Thursday last.

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS, our special artist, left Liverpool for Quebec, on Thursday, to join the Governor-General of Canada, on his tour over the Canadian Pacific Railway to British Columbia and Vancouver's Island. Our Canadian readers may be interested to know that we hope to publish sketches of this trip as soon after their arrival as possible.

CHURCH NEWS

THE *Rock* is responsible for the statement that Mr. Spurgeon "has the *entree* to Addington Park at his pleasure," and that "the Archbishop of Canterbury has recently had the pleasure of receiving him for a long and interesting conversation."

DR. PIGOU, Dean of Chichester, announces that he will hold a retreat for women from the 12th to the 16th November.

HANNAH MORE founded a hundred years ago a Sunday School at Cheddar, where the centenary of its establishment was celebrated last Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. In a sermon delivered on the occasion, the Dean of Wells contrasted the centenary which they were celebrating with that now being celebrated in Paris. Hannah More, he said, had been induced by William Wilberforce to start her work at Cheddar, and all along she worked not on the lines of emotional religion but on those of calm, sober order. At a luncheon during the proceedings, Professor Freeman, the historian, responding to the toast of the "Pious and Immortal Memory of Hannah More," said that he highly valued her friendship in early life, and that he possessed a book which she had given him. We may add that, though some of the best-known of her writings belong to the eighteenth century, she died at Clifton so late as 1833, in her 95th year.

ON BEHALF of the Church of England Temperance Society, the renewal of the licenses in the populous parish of Oxford City was opposed, on the ground that they were in excess of the requirements of the district. The Bench, however, without hearing the counsel for the brewery firms, renewed all the licenses.

AT A RECENT MEETING of the Welsh Congregational Union, a resolution was moved, and met with considerable support, expressing thorough disapproval of the action of Mr. Gladstone in abstaining from voting upon the question of the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, when last introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Dillwyn. It also declared that the ex-Premier's defence of his action (or inaction), contained in his speech at St. Austell was an insult to the religious and political convictions of the Welsh people.

THE FORTHCOMING REPORT of the Wesleyan Connexional Sunday School Union will indicate substantial progress in this department of Methodist effort. The Wesleyan Methodists, it is stated, have more teachers than, and nearly as many scholars as, Congregationalists and Baptists combined. The teachers are said to number 129,476, and the scholars 928,506, the latter showing an increase of nearly 20,000 in the year.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of London will deliver the inaugural address to the students at the Autumn Session of the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street.—Canon Duckworth succeeds Professor Westcott as Canon-in-Residence of Westminster Abbey during September, and will preach there on Sunday afternoons.—The Rev. E. J. Perry, curate of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and assistant-master of Merchant Taylors' School, has been appointed by the Church Missionary Society to the Principalship of Trinity College, Cambridge, in succession to the Bishop-designate of Trancore.—A new vicarage house is to be erected for St. Mary's, Islington, and adjacent to it a young man's club, library, and meeting hall.

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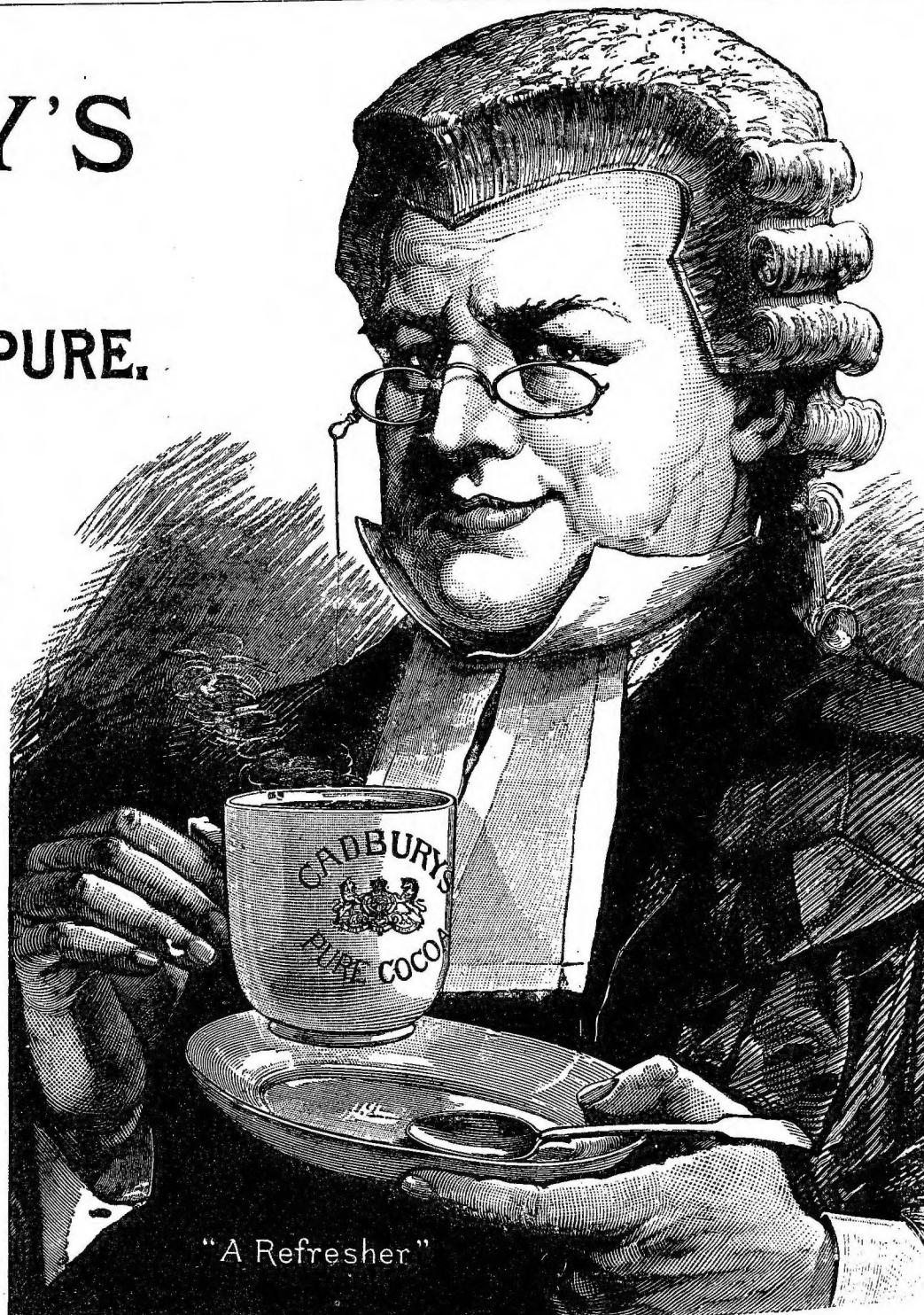
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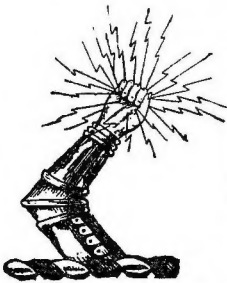
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Dr. ANDREW WILSON, in an article published in "HEALTH," writes:—"THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S Belt has been frequently recommended as a genuine electrical appliance which the public may purchase with safety and satisfaction. In these days of electrical quackery it is highly satisfactory to find such an enterprise for the development of electrical manufacture on a large scale so successfully carried out at their commodious premises (52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.)."

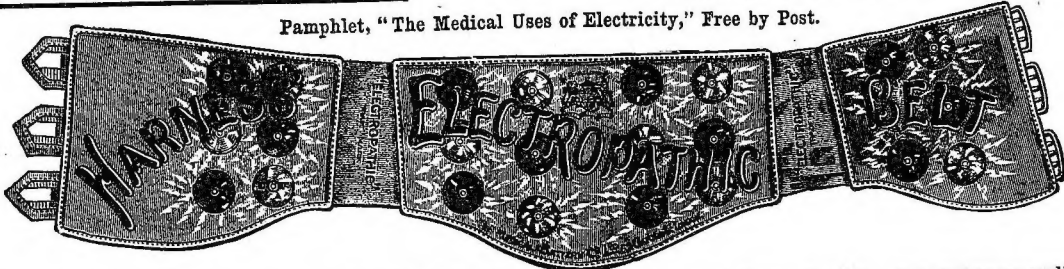
"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," Sept. 8, 1888:—"The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness, and the elaborate and beautifully fitted operating and consulting rooms at the Company's extensive 'Electropathic' and Zander Institute at the corner of Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, are indeed a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of medical electricity, and this magnificent building is now one of the most interesting sights in London. We would advise visitors from the country and others to call and personally inspect the premises, and have the various electropathic appliances and electric batteries explained to them."



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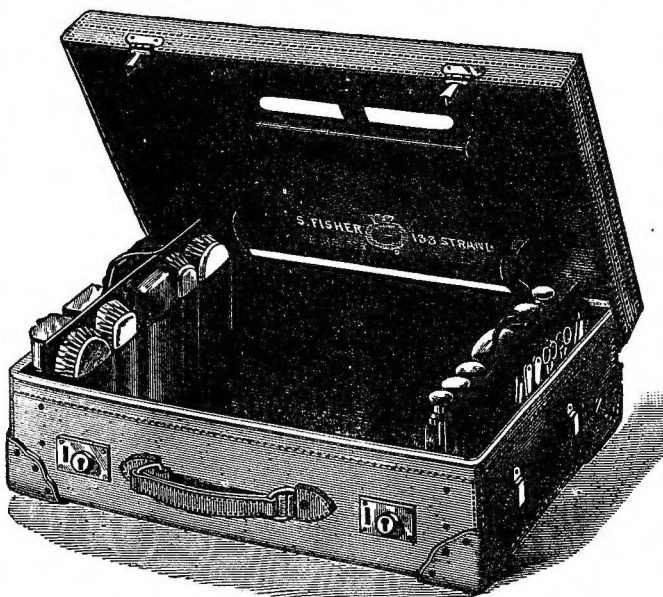
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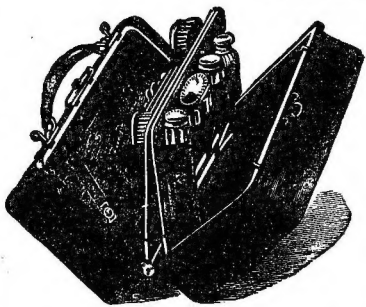


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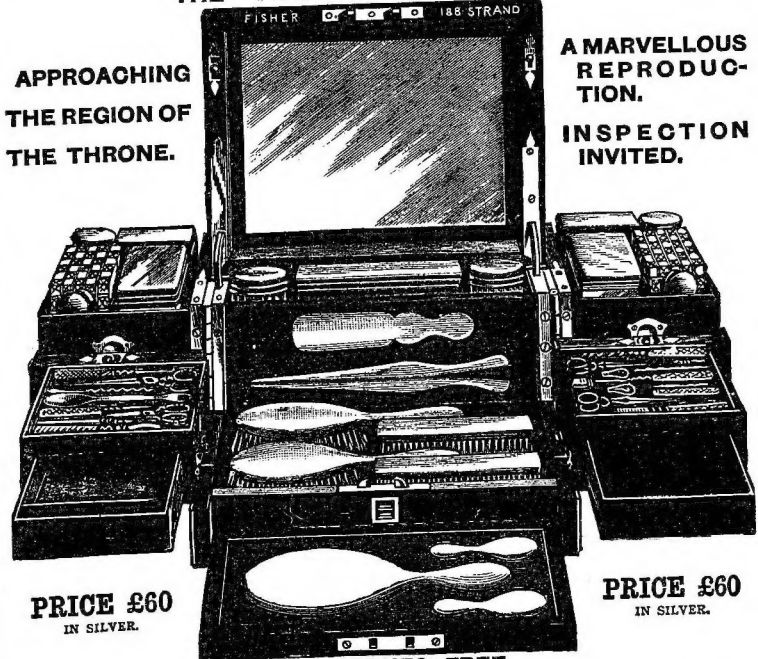
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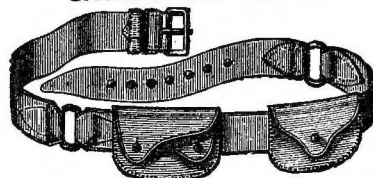
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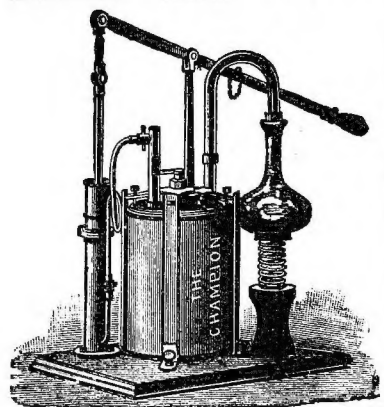
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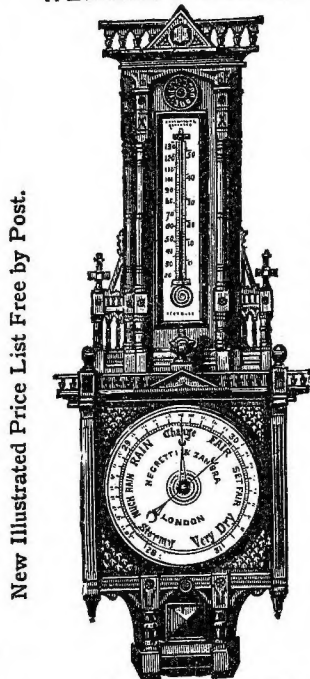
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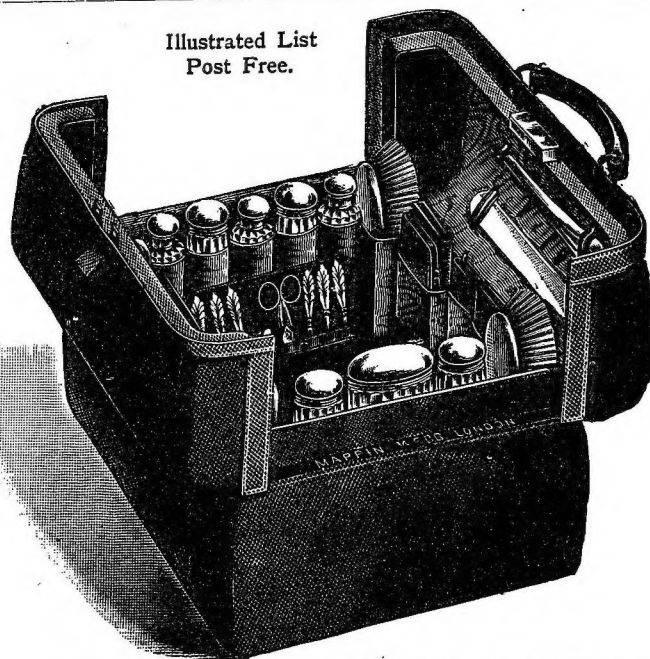
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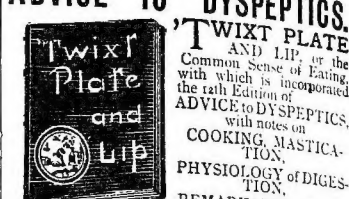
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